



The Grail

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BOYS!!! GIRLS!!!

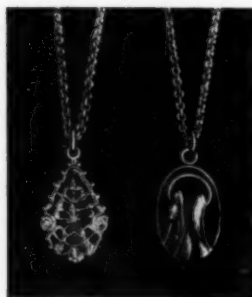
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The Grail

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Within the Circle of the Benedictine Family

Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

A VICIOUS circle, as defined by a school boy, is "a dog chasing and snapping at his tail." We often move in circles. In life's merry-go-round we are often astride a wooden bronco going round and round and getting nowhere. At times we move in the inner circle of our intimate friends and acquaintances, or come within the radius (which presupposes a circle) of the influence, good or bad, generated and dispensed by the human dynamos with whom we come in contact every day. It is this last type of circle—that of radiating influence—which interests us just now. Nature furnishes us with a well-known example of this phenomenon.

You will have noticed that where there is a body of water of any size, almost invariably pebbles or other "throwable" objects will be found hard by to tempt that inborn tendency of every boy—to toss the pebble or stone into the water. The hurled object immediately traces concentric circles on the plane surface of the water as it follows the law of gravity to the bottom. Circle then passes on its influence to circle, each enlarging its neighbor until the last with a splash expires on the bounding shore.

What is true in the world of nature is equal-

ly true in the realm of the spirit. Only here the circle of influence is sensed rather than seen. More than fourteen hundred years ago a noble Roman youth left the corrupt ways of the world of his days. In a rocky retreat, during three years of prayer and contemplation, he found the true way back to God, the one pointed out by Christ, the Light of the World, and clearly defined in the pages of the holy Gospels. In his holy rule, the Gospels abridged, St. Benedict points out this way to all who wish to walk thereon. This rule of life, like the yeast spoken of in the Gospel, has leavened society from his day to ours. It has been the norm of true and "full" living for all within the circle of the Benedictine Family. And who are within this circle? Who constitute this family? The monks and nuns who have *vowed perfection* according to this rule in the cloister, the oblates who live according to it in the world, and the countless FRIENDS who *freely* place themselves under St. Benedict's protection and guidance. For these, for you, for all who would come within the radiance of its salutary influence, we hope to offer a detailed and practical explanation of St. Benedict's Rule in the subsequent issues of THE GRAIL.



St. Benedict at Subiaco
Grotto in Crypt of Abbey Church

To the Aid of our Mexican Brethren

Robert Morthorst, O. S. B.

IN the year 1095 a vast throng, assembled on the plains of Clermont in France, heard the impassioned words of Peter the Hermit begging the Christian world to end the persecutions suffered by the Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land. The varied emotions of the listeners found expression when Pope Urban II arose from his presiding throne to speak. His words were few but filled with the fire that flamed in his heart. One sentence was literally heard around the world. "God wills it!" he cried and that vast assemblage answered the challenge with a thunderous "God wills it!"

Yes, God wills it. The Crusades of a former day were undertaken in an attempt to free the Holy Land from the Moslem misrule. Modern Mexico is today furnishing us with reasons for enlisting in another Crusade. The abuses of the socialistic anti-religious misrule of Mexico's Catholics have given rise to other Peters to preach a Holy War and have caused another Urban II to cry "God wills it." But where the Christians of the eleventh century rose to the occasion with astonishing alacrity, Catholics of our day and especially of our country have been strangely remiss; and that in spite of our debt of honor to Mexico.

With manifest injustice the United States is sanctioning officially the abuses and persecution of Catholics in Mexico. In 1914 it was the interests of some of our millionaires in the oil fields of Mexico that decided the Wilson-Carranza affair. Whatever may be the interests today, they are exercising a detrimental influence on our public policy. We, Catholics as well as non-Catholics of the United States, are, through our ambassador, Josephus Daniels, nodding a vigorous approval of the conduct of a set of politicians, whose basic principle is expressed in their policy of "Kill the Church." Shall we, Catholics as well as non-Catholics of the United States, allow such a blot not only to remain but to grow on our national honor?

Perhaps you are one of those who think that things are not so black as they are painted and that a few publicity men are making a moun-

tain out of the proverbial molehill. Mexico is spending good hard cash to make you think just that. Perhaps you know someone who has just returned from Mexico and who is inclined to paint a very promising future for Mexico. But just how much of Mexico's real life did that person see? If he went as a member of some official "investigation" committee, he was thoroughly dined and wined and then taken out with obsequious politeness to see some of the show places of Mexico's "progress" under the present regime. He was shown very likely a number of "new" buildings, whose only claim to newness lay in the shining coat of whitewash that covered the old walls of confiscated Catholic churches, schools and homes. If your acquaintance was a tourist with money or influence, he received the same treatment. If he went as a tourist without money or influence, he didn't get far enough to see the true state of affairs.

One can get the true story only with difficulty. A strict governmental censorship guarantees to tell the world only what pleases the Mexican government. Newspapers must be favorable to the godless regime or suffer the effects of dynamite and machine gun fire. The customs officers are placed with an eye to prevent the leakage of facts. Spy-ridden citizens fear to breathe a word against their intolerable oppressors. But not even such measures can prevent the truth from escaping. There will always be men of sufficient courage to speak out plain facts; there will always be ways of communicating those facts to the outer world. The recent pastoral letter of the Most Rev. Francisco Orozco y Jiminez, Archbishop of Guadalajara, smuggled across the border from the Archbishop's hiding place by a San Francisco publicist, is sufficient proof of this. Numbers of clergy and laity, exiled or escaped from the persecutor's arm, form another fruitful source of information.

From these and other sources we have learned a fraction of what is really going on in our neighboring State. Absolute and in-

alienable human rights are forced to bow to Marxian principles carried to extremes. The State, backed by the army, is forcing the people to give up their most sacred rights. Private property hasn't the slightest meaning to the loud-mouthed preachers of Socialism, whose own incomes have steadily mounted into imposing figures and whose own manner of living gives the lie to their doctrines. Human life isn't valued in the least, once it gets in the way of the ruling class or opposes some influential individual's plan of self-aggrandizement. Civil and constitutional rights may exist in some dust-covered documents but they will not be found in practical life. Religion, any religion, can be practiced only under enormous difficulties and often at the risk of the life and the property of all parties. Thus, for instance, all, who attend Mass in a private home, know that detection means death, means death to the priest, prison for the family and confiscation of the home on the ground that, since it was used for religious services, it must be a church and church property belongs solely and exclusively to the State. That, however, is but part of the story. In the line of education the elements of irreligion and atheism do their most diabolic-al work. The State, if allowed to continue its present program, must, in the natural course of things, succeed in raising up a godless generation. State is substituted for God in the minds of the children. Listen to Fred V. Williams, the publicist referred to above, who, after a six weeks survey of conditions in Mexico, writes in the Denver Register: "In Chihuahua we heard the children begin their classes for the day with the solemn

incantation six times—"There is no God, there never was any God, there never will be any God."

The litany of Mexico's woes might be extended indefinitely; but we must consider what will be our answer to the question "What can we do about it?" Armed force is, of course, out of the question entirely. The Mexican hierarchy has advocated a peaceful resistance to and a non-conformance with the paganizing requirements of the government. What we can do and what duty tells us to do is actively to participate in the campaigns mapped out by different societies founded for the purpose of extending relief to our Mexican brethren.

Here, in our own Indiana, the recently established "Friends of Catholic Mexico" deserves our wholehearted support. This society, organized in October, 1934, by Mr. Robert R. Hull, has the full approbation of Bishop Noll and the endorsement of the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores. The aim of the society is to bring about, through prayer, good works and action, a much-needed change in Mexico's treatment of her Catholic subjects. Prayer is essential for the continuance and the success of such a campaign. The society's pledge, the taking of which, although optional and not a requisite for membership, is in itself praiseworthy and is indicative of the spirit behind the movement. By it one promises to abstain from al-

coholic liquors and from attendance at theatres and movies for one year or until God sees fit to deliver our suffering brethren from their oppressors. The action advocated by the society

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St. Joseph

SISTER M. AQUINA, O. S. B.

*Why scorn to stoop to lowly
work,
Or honest duty strive to
shirk,
Just imitate a holy man
Who labored for the holy
band
St. Joseph.*

*Who at his trade each morn
and night,
Plied skill and art with all
his might,
Who never from his duty
strayed,
But to his noble task he
stayed
St. Joseph.*

*Oh, holy Joseph, be my guide,
In trials be ever at my
side,
A happy death just grant to
me,
To be with thee eternally
St. Joseph.*

From the Rising of the Sun

Joseph Battaglia, O. S. B.

FOUR hundred years before the birth of Christ, Malachy, the last of the prophets, foretold in prophetic vision: "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to my name a clean oblation." Today we see the fulfillment of this prophecy concerning the universality of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. On Christmas day, for example, one needs to describe only a small arc with a radio dial to "pick up" successively Masses broadcast from New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Denver as these distant points by turn, in the wake of the sun, offer to God that unending sacrifice, Holy Mass.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has ever been the center of Catholic worship. This is as it should be. For the Mass is a sacrifice of infinite value in which Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of the eternal Father, is offered, and slain with bloodless stroke, at the hands of His visible priest. It is at once the best way in which man can acknowledge God's supreme dominion over him and also make himself partaker of the merits Christ won for him by His bloody Death on the Cross.

In the celebration of this unbloody repetition of the Sacrifice of the Cross, Holy Mother Church would have man express his interior devotion by voice and action. She would have him sing as he prays and pray as he sings—and we have the beautiful and soulful Gregorian chant. She would have him "suit the action to the word, the word to the action"—and we have the impressive and significant ceremonies. Together, the chant and the ceremonies, unfold the Mass before us in mystery-drama fashion.

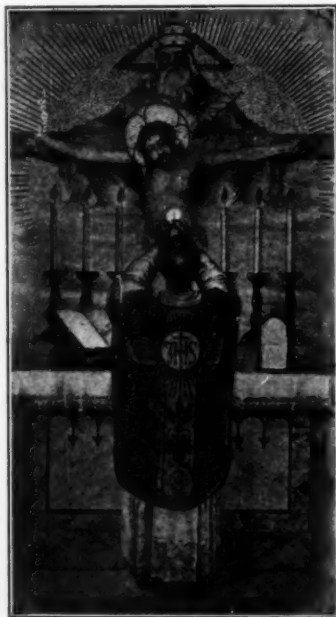
The better to acquaint our readers with the ceremonies of the Mass, and to explain their deep significance, as also that of the sacred vestments and vessels used in the Mass, is the purpose of this series of articles on the Mass.

At the outset it may be well to point out the wisdom of Holy Mother Church in this matter of ceremonial. She recognizes that man has a heart to be moved as well as a mind to be enlightened. In the Mass she enlightens the mind by passages from the Bible, especially the epistle and the gospel, as also the sermon. But she is likewise careful to move the heart by the grandeur and the meaning of her ceremonies, appealing so graphically to the eye. These ceremonies are outward signs to express our interior devotion towards God, just as in our daily intercourse with one another we give evidence of our respect and esteem of man by such outward signs as tipping the hat, shaking hands, bowing, and in many other ways.

But the ceremonies of the Mass do more than that. They teach, edify, and adorn. In many instances they are object lessons of particular truths or mysteries of our holy religion. That they edify and lift the mind and heart to God, any devout Catholic can testify from personal experience. What, indeed, is more capable of raising the mind and heart to God than a priest celebrating Mass? Finally, like the myriads of stars decking the heavens and the multi-colored flowers gracing the earth, the great variety of ceremonies adorn with becoming beauty the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

To read these short articles on the Mass will have at least two happy results. We shall be able to answer intelligently any questions put to us by oth-

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His "Special" Love

Jac Kerstiens

Another episode about "Christ's Little One."

"All for Thee, dear Heart of Jesus,
All for Thee eternally.

Naught for me, dear Heart of Jesus,
Save to be beloved by Thee."

LITTLE Cecilia Talbot's slim, eloquent fingers ran over the piano keyboard expertly, and her lovely voice held a depth of happiness as she sang the words of her favorite song. So engrossed was she that she did not notice the approach of eleven-year-old Sally Blaner.

Sally's plain little face wore a look of bitter scorn, of helpless defiance, as she listened to the joy-laden voice of her little school-mate.

"Oh, Cecilia," she cried impatiently when the last note was finished and little Cecilia, aged eight, spun around on her stool, "how, oh, how can you be so happy when you're blind. It's pre-preposterous"—she stumbled over the big word—"that Jesus could love you and at the same time let you live in—in darkness. And how can you possibly love Him? I—I hate Him!"

"Oh, Sally," Cecilia's voice was stricken with hurt and horror, "you don't mean that—surely you can't mean that when our Blessed Lord has been so good to you!"

"Good to me? Do you call it being good to me when He let that terrible scarlet fever leave me blind—blind for all the rest of my life?" There was bitterness in the childish voice and defiance in her words. "I'll never see the sky again, nor flowers, nor—nor be able to read. I can't go to Loretto Heights anymore, but have to come to this school and study that horrid Braille, and learn to play the piano without my sheets of music. Oh, it's terrible!"

The unhappy child ended her tirade in a wild burst of weeping. Cecilia, after the first shock of repulsion at the other's outburst, was overcome with pity.

"Oh, Sally, dear," she said beseechingly as she placed an arm up and around the heaving little shoulders of the older child, "our Lord *does* love you. He has a special love for you as He has for all who are blind or crippled or—or

anything, if you will only let him, dear. Just remember how He let the apostles suffer, and you know He loved them. And just lots of His saints were blind, the eyes of some were even dug or burned out because they loved Him, and they were happy because they knew He loved them 'specially more for their suffering."

"Oh, you can talk that way, Cecilia," Sally wailed, disconsolate, "because you've always been blind. It's n—nothing at all to bear when you don't even know what it is to see; when you've never seen the green grass and trees and flowers, red and pink and yellow flowers, when you've never seen sunshine and the moon and stars and the sky, when you've never seen the beautiful high altar of St. Therese's all gleaming and bright with lighted candles. And now—now just—just darkness."

This word picture of "to see" brought a cloud of envy to Cecilia's bright little face and she was silent for a moment as if visualizing the wonder in her mind's eye. But then she put the picture from her and said:

"But, Sally, you have the—the memory of these things, even though you *are* blind now. Besides, you can smell the flowers and grass and feel the sunshine. And the lighted candles—they are nothing compared to the Presence of Jesus on the altar. You couldn't see Him even before you were blind. Perhaps if you'd try you could see Him now that everything else is shut out. I see him, I'm sure I do. When I receive holy Communion it is as if I had eyes in my soul. I can see—or maybe it is feel—His love—His special love fills my heart, and it is all warm and golden like sunshine. Oh, Sally," as a sudden thought struck her, "I bet the sunshine is really His love for people who are not blind to see!"

"Then why—why does He make us blind so we can't see it?" Sally wanted to know, but the defiance and bitterness had to some extent abated before the fire of Cecilia's zeal.

"I don't know," Cecilia answered thoughtfully, "I don't think we should 'spect to know

why, but I s'pose it is to kind of shut out the other things that we might love too much, so there will be more room in our hearts for Him."

The class bell rang at that moment and put an end to the little girls' discussion.

But not an end to their thoughts on the subject. Cecilia's philosophy had swept away the threatening clouds of despair and gloom from Sally's heart and made way for Him. At her first opportunity Sally slipped into the chapel for a deeply contrite *mea culpa* and a fervent prayer that Jesus would make her good like Cecilia and bless her with his love that was "all warm and golden like sunshine," the sunshine that she would never see again. After that there were no more black moods of despondency, and Braille and music lessons were no longer "horrid." She had been thoroughly convinced of Jesus' "special" love for His afflicted ones, and that affliction is not necessarily affliction at all, but can be made a great blessing.

But, strange to say, a change came over Cecilia too. Her bright little face lost its radiant happiness. She was silent and thoughtful, and once Sister Mary Agatha found her in tears in the chapel.

Cecilia became wan and pale, and John and Miriam exchanged frightened glances.

Could their little one be ill? Or, had the realization of her affliction dawned upon her, and was she desponding of her burden? This latter seemed unlikely, for Cecilia was such a saintly child and had always accepted her blindness with joy. She had even prayed, when the noted surgeon of Vienna had been about to operate, that instead of giving her sight the divine Lord would give her an extra measure of His love.

But still, she was older now, they reasoned, and with the association of her classmates, blind children like herself, some desponding influence might have crept into her pure little heart.

"I'm going up and have a talk with her, John," Miriam said worriedly one night after Cecilia had bade them an affectionate good-night and gone to her room; "we must find out what has been troubling her these past two weeks, and do something about it if we can. And I'm sure we can, no matter what it is."

Miriam heard the heart-breaking sound of muffled sobbing as she paused at Cecilia's door.

She entered softly, and the next moment had the child in her arms, cradling the tear-wet face against her loving bosom.

Miriam waited a moment for the frenzied weeping to spend itself.

"What is it, darling?" she asked then; "what has been troubling our little girl, and why all these tears? You must tell mama, dear; there must be something I can do. Come, Cecilia, dear, don't keep it from me any longer."

"Oh, mama," the child said between sobs that shook her slim little body, "I—I didn't want t—to keep it from you, b—but I didn't know how to tell you."

"Just tell me in your own sweet words, dear, and I'm sure I can understand." Miriam's eyes were misty and her words halted with emotion as she spoke.

"Oh, I'm awful bad," Cecilia wailed, "I—I don't 'preciate the special love our blessed Lord has given me. I—I'm ungrateful, Mama."

"How, Cecilia my child, are you ungrateful? Tell me just what has happened to make you feel this way, won't you, dear?"

"It—it happened one day at school when Sally—Sally Blaner told me about the time when she could s—see. The time before the scarlet fever made her blind. She felt bad that day because she was remembering how the flowers *look*, and the sky and the moon and stars, and the lighted candles on the altar, and I—I—"

"And you envy her these memories, dear, is that it?"

"Yes, Mama, and that's one of the capital sins, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, if you make it a sin. But I'm sure your confessor will tell you that it is yet but a temptation."

"That's what he *did* tell me, Mama, and he said that I m—must pray to overcome it. B—but I still feel it. I—I feel it most when I pray. I keep wishing so—so terribly that He had given me sight to see all—all these wonders, and then made me blind so—so I'd miss them. And then He would love me even more. Sally s—says it's nothing if one doesn't *know* what 'to see' means."

Miriam sat, the saintly child pressed to her breast, for a long moment in awed silence. When she could trust her voice she explained

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Philosophy---The First Greek Philosophers

Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B.

THE first philosophers appeared in Greece some 600 years before the coming of Christ. There had been other philosophers before in other nations, but their teachings were intimately connected with their religion, crude though it was. They simply wished to teach what their religion and tradition handed down to them. But the Greeks had no religion. They had indeed a mythology; however, the wiser of the Greeks soon saw that this was nothing but a system of fantastic fairy tales. They understood that this so-called religion did not give any explanation or solution of the reality of things. Hence they began to seek this explanation in some other way.

One of the first things that the Greeks noticed and wondered at was that one thing or substance changes into another. They saw that water changes into snow and ice and saw how it disappears into the air in the form of vapor. Again, from the air comes water in the form of rain. They saw how wood turned into ashes through fire. Besides, they noticed that various foods are changed into the substance of living beings. They began to wonder how these things were possible. How could one thing change into another? They noticed two kinds of changes. The one did not cause them any difficulty. Thus, for instance, they could easily understand how wood is changed into a box. That is just an accidental change. The box is still wood. But they had a difficult problem when they saw that one thing changes into another and seemingly no longer is what it was before. For instance, they saw bread become part of a living being and then be no longer bread. This appeared to be a substantial change, i. e., one substance changing into another substance.

Since they could not understand how one thing substantially changes into another, they came to the conclusion that there is only one kind of substance. All things are composed of this substance. Thus in reality they denied substantial change, and hence all changes would be merely accidental. Just as one can make all kinds of things out of wood, which remain

wood; for instance, a house, a box, a stick, etc., so they thought there must be one substance of which all others are made. What is this one substance? Thales, the first Greek philosopher, said that it is water, whilst Anaximenes said it is air and Heraclitus, fire. They attributed activity and life to this one substance. For this reason they are called hylozoists, i. e., ascribing life to matter.

The early Greek philosophers were trying to find out what intrinsically constitutes a corporeal thing. In this investigation they found only one principle and this was a material principle. All corporeal things (and as yet they knew nothing of spiritual beings) are made up of one material principle which is either water, or air, or fire. This material principle must be tangible or sensible. They could not yet understand a purely intellectual principle, i. e., a principle that can be understood by the intellect but cannot be perceived by the senses. The Greeks were thus both materialists and sensists. They were materialists because, according to them, everything is composed of matter alone. They were sensists because they admitted only a sensible material principle.

For a time the Greeks went on with the idea that everything must be explained with the material principle. They did not realize that this was an inadequate principle. Hence they fell into all kinds of absurdities. They said that one substance changes into another simply by a different arrangement and disposition of matter. These Atomists said that matter is divided into many small particles which can easily be arranged in different ways so as to form the various substances that come under our observation.

The first Greek philosophers did not have a correct idea of the material principle. They considered it to be sensible whereas it is only intelligible. They failed to discover the other intrinsic principle which is equally as important, viz., the formal principle. They noticed indeed that things exist under various forms, for instance, that stone may have the form of a

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From a Science Notebook

H. S., O. S. B.

"The more I know, the more nearly is my faith that of a Breton peasant. Could I but know all, I would have the faith of a Breton peasant woman." Pasteur.

* * *

It is estimated that the power value of the sunshine that falls on the 133 square miles of the city of Philadelphia is equal to the power that could be generated by a hundred Niagaras. In a single day the Sahara Desert receives solar energy equal to the power that would be produced by burning six billion tons of coal.

* * *

The phosphorus contained in three of the old-style matches would kill an adult. Still the human body contains enough of the chemical to make 800,000 of the same type of match.

* * *

Ice and snow will evaporate in extremely cold weather, even though the temperature never approaches the melting point. Wash would dry in the Arctic or Antarctic regions in about a week's time.

* * *

After extensive experiments, a professor of medicine in an Eastern medical college has concluded: "Diet faddists—the vegetarians, the meat eaters, the drinkers of buttermilk, and gnawers of apples—have reached a point where they are a positive menace to the health of the community and an insult to the reasoning of intelligent men and women." Many get their diet advice entirely by mail, thus ignoring the first rule in going on a special diet: to have a complete physical and laboratory examination.

* * *

Poplar trees, although producing a forest cover and useful timber when 25 or 30 years old, do not reach maturity until nearly 100 or 150 years old.

* * *

A golden eagle has been timed at 120 miles an hour over a three and one-half mile course. At the same time the eagle made an ascent of one thousand feet.

* * *

Government experts of the U. S. Department of Agriculture have shown conclusively that an abundance of fat on a cut of meat is no guarantee of its tenderness. Bright color is no guide to taste. Darker meats, all other factors equal, were found just as tender and tasty. The only practical rule for determining the quality of meat is the ratio between size of an animal

and its weight. Well-proportioned animals were always found superior to others. This overthrew the belief that female animals are to be preferred to male.

* * *

The average housewife in washing dishes handles annually 340 tons of china—168 times her weight.

* * *

The energy expended by 100,000 people talking during a football game, if transformed into heat, would boil only one cup of tea.

* * *

Psychologists of the University of Michigan find that the quarrels of children of pre-school age last on an average of only 23 seconds.

* * *

Graham flour, whole-wheat or entire flour have all the food value of wheat, because they contain the germ and bran. White flour contains no germ and bran.

* * *

The outside leaves of lettuce and cabbage are best for eating purposes, since they contain two or three times as much zinc as the inner leaves. They produce the chlorophyll which is necessary for plant life.

* * *

A difference of 1/1000 of an inch in the depth of the pits on a golf ball may mean as much as 14 yards variation in its carry or distance. The pits give the ball a lift when hit with a back spin.

* * *

High winds cause a six-inch sway in the top of the Empire State building. The Chrysler building, about two hundred feet shorter, sways about five inches in the same conditions.

* * *

Concluding from the present death and birth rates, two scientists have stated that America will have a "stationary population" by 1950. After that there is likely to be a period of slow decrease.

* * *

Freezing the loaves with dry ice is the latest method of keeping bread fresh.

* * *

One fourth of all our muscles are in our face and neck.

Leaves from a Social Worker's Diary

Ann Lloyd

FEB. 2—Mother Sylvester came into the office with a preoccupied face; Miss McLaren and Miss Dupont were busy typing out their census cards of the day before, and several were singled out with small brass markers for immediate action. These were handed to the nun, who looked them over. The door-bell had been ringing endlessly, consequently, Mother's forehead had a pucker between the eyes, and she was frankly worried.

"Helen," she said to me, "I'm sure I don't know what we are to do about this unemployment; our colored people are willing to do almost anything, but there is nothing to be found. Father O'Halloran sat at the telephone for three solid days, trying to find places for them. If we could only invent something for them!"

"It is a tough problem," I replied, "but there ought to be some way of taking care at least of our Settlement people. Do you know what I always do when I find myself against a blind wall?"

"No; what?"

"I go to church and kneel in some secluded corner, and pray my rosary over and over until the Blessed Mother suggests a way out of my trouble."

"And she always does so?"

"Most always; that is, sometimes I have to wait two or three days before it comes, but come it does in the end."

"Then, Helen, I'd better excuse you from all further work and send you up to the chapel, for we need a suggestion right now, and need it badly!"

"You don't mean all day, Mother?" I asked, mischievously.

"If we weren't so rushed, I *would* put you on the praying squad. But I can spare you for fifteen minutes anyway."

"And then I can continue praying rosaries while I walk my rounds." So I went up to spend my fifteen minutes, Mother promising to help with her prayers, and when I came down, there was old Aunt Dinah waiting for me.

"Oh Miss Helen, come wid me quick! Mis' Johnson done havin' trouble down at de grocery sto'. She gib de man a nickel fo' a loaf o' bread, and he claim she didn' gib him nothin'." So we hurried down to the store. There stood Mrs. Johnson, talking as fast as her black jaws would work, berating the man.

"Yassuh," she averred, "we got to wuk dog-gone ha'd fo' our nickels, an' I cain't affo'd to pay twice fo' one loaf o' bread. You done took my nickel an' put it in de cash register. Ah seen ya; den you done talk erbout orders to de delivery boy an' forget dat I gave it to you. Why, I only brought one nickel wid me, an' I ain't got it now, is I?" So saying, she spread out her hands. But the grocer was unconvinced.

"Now you listen here!" he cried. "Either you give me a nickel, or give that bread back. You heard me, didn't you?" But she only hugged the loaf the tighter and backed away from him.

"Oh, you want to make trouble, do you?" said the man threateningly. "Well, I'll call a policeman and that will be the end of you." The woman's eyes rolled to right and left in fear and defiance.

"Don' you-all call no officer aftah me, white man? Maybe I'm jes' a po' ol' black niggah, but ah knows dat I paid fo' dat bread. No sah, you ain' gittin' dis loaf away fum me! I'll die fust." Then seeing me, she came and explained the whole business over again.

"Don't you believe her, Miss," defended the groceryman. "She didn't give me no nickel, and that's all there is to it." I opened my hand-bag and extracted a five-cent piece.

"Here you are, sir. Come, Mrs. Johnson." I took her by the arm, still volubly defending herself, and followed by four or five other colored women who had filtered into the store to listen to the wrangle. I am always settling some dispute or other.

Feb. 3—I came down to the Settlement House this morning with my mind full of plans. Mother Sylvester was still in the Community Room

when I reached my desk, and I had some fifteen minutes in which to select my cards for the day before she came in. She entered the room smiling.

"I have it!" she cried.

"So have I!" I replied.

"A bakery!"

"A laundry!" And then we both burst out laughing.

"Well, it seems our good Mother Mary gave us two suggestions instead of one; and both are good."

"But I think—"

"And I—!" And then we laughed again. "Now I know just what you were going to say; both of us were going to extol the merits of her own suggestion and each wants her own tried first."

"But Mother, an oven will cost—"

"So will laundry equipment."

"Oh no; here's my scheme. There are a lot of second-hand washing machines to be had today—the old-fashioned, bulky kind that the housewives have discarded for the smaller, more compact type. They may be had at give-away prices, and in first-class order. We could buy five of them, rent an old store somewhere with gas, electric and water connections, and there you are. We could advertise that we are a hand-laundry, with each family's clothes washed in a separate machine. That would appeal to the public, I know."

"And we need not buy an oven;" argued Mother. "We could use the ovens in the Settlement Kitchen. Old Aunt Jane and Mammy Jones and a number of others are real Southern cooks, and their cakes can't be beat. I thought we could place these cakes in the groceries and delicatessens; bring each a sample, and get their orders like that. What do you think?"

"It's a grand idea, Mother! Why not try both schemes?"

"Fine! Now, there's only one stumbling-block."

"And that is?"

"The money to finance the enterprises."

"Well, I'll donate my salary for two or three months, and maybe—"

"No; no Helen. You need your salary. It's little enough anyway."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"I can't spare a cent out of the House fund, either," she mused. "Helen, you'll have to go

back to your secluded corner and pray some more rosaries."

"I have a little money saved," I ventured.

"Don't you dare mention it! What if you were to become ill? No, we must wait—"

"Wait! With our people on the verge of desperation?"

"Mother Mary won't desert us now; it is a scheme according to her own heart. Many a time she was without a cent in the house too—"

"I wonder what she did at such times?"

"Angels brought her fruit and bread." I shrugged my shoulders.

"If only an angel would come now!" Hardly were the words out of my mouth, but the door-bell rang. Brrrrrrrr!

"Mother, a lady to see you in the parlor," said Sister Celeste.

"What are you going to do now, Helen?" Mother asked.

"I'm going up for a fifteen-minute conference with Our Lady."

"Do." And she was gone. I put on my hat, took up my cards and handbag, and went up to the chapel. After fifteen minutes, (I timed it) I went out on my calls. I did not return until five of the afternoon, and when I did, Mother was waiting for me.

"That angel you spoke of this morning, Helen—I told you Our Lady wouldn't let the matter go begging. Do you know, when that lady spoke to me this morning, and told me her intention, my heart almost stopped beating—I had to close my eyes for a moment. She thought I felt ill, but I told her it was only that the nearness of God's Holy Providence had shocked me for the moment. I actually felt as if—"

"Oh Mother, please don't keep me in suspense! What's the good news?"

"I was coming to that," she said calmly. "The lady began by telling me that her husband had died two weeks ago, and that she wanted to make a donation to some worthy charity in his memory. Here is her check." I read it; \$1000! I almost swooned myself.

"Now, we will have to pay salaries at once, so we will have to stretch this as far as it will go—" she continued matter-of-factly, and we got down to business.

Feb. 5—This morning I rented a large, roomy vacant store room and then went down to Goldstein's second-hand furniture emporium.

I found exactly what I wanted; it is a fearful and wonderful collection of gas stoves, but will do nicely for our need.

All the colored folk in the neighborhood are enthusiastic; they stood around watching as the owner swept and cleaned out the place, crowding to the door and making comment's to each other.

Feb. 6—This morning I called a young fellow who had been wistfully standing around with his hands in his pockets, hoping he would be hired for some work or other.

"Come here; what is your name?" I asked.

"George Washington," he replied.

"Well, George, do you think you could go down to the hardware store and get me some white enamel and paint brushes?" He grinned from ear to ear.

"Oh yas'm, yas'm—yass ma'am," he replied with a bow, still grinning.

"Well, here's the money. Get about three quart cans, and about five paint brushes." He nervously twisted the bills in his hands, and hesitated about going. "Well?" I asked.

"I—I—does I git de job o' paintin' ef I buys de paint? Ise know how to paint good, ma'am. Ise do you a good job. You see, ef I gits a job, den Liliette an' me kin get married. She say she won' marry no fellah without a job."

"Well, take it from me, Liliette's a wise little girl. If you know how to paint, you may as well do the work as anyone else. So, you are going to be married?"

"Yas'm. Liliette, she a mighty fine gal."

"Where were you planning to marry?"

"Oh Liliette, she belong to de Gospel Church ob de Holy Redeemer, an' Pahson Smith, I reckon he tie de knot."

"And where do you go to church?"

"Me? I nevah belong to no church. My mammy, she die when I three yeahs old, an' Mis' Mason bring me up wid her family, an' she say she nevah had no time to go to church wif fou'teen chillen."

"George, wouldn't you like to come to our church?"

"De white folks' church? Would dey take me? I looked

in your church once when I brung up some furniture foh de Sistahs, an' it was mighty purty in there. Yas'm, I'd like fer to join a nice church like that, only nobody ask me."

"Then, George, I am inviting you. Of course, you will have to take instructions and be baptized and learn all about everything. Would you like to do that?"

"Oh yas'm, yas'm. When do dey have 'structions?"

"On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. You just come over to the Settlement House and ring the bell. The Sister will tell you where to go." He was delighted.

"Thank ye ma'am, thank ye. Now I kin tell Liliette dat I belong to a church too."

"Perhaps if you talked to Liliette, she would like to come too. It would be nice to have you both belong to the same church. Then you could be married by Father O'Halloran, and have a lovely wedding with lights and music, and a Nuptial Mass."

"Me an' Liliette could?"

"Why certainly; all Catholics are married that way."

"Boy! I'm goin' over to Liliette's house tonight and get her to come to 'structions right wif me."

"That will be lovely! Where is Liliette's church?"

"Jus' down de nex' street. It ain't a really truly church. It's only downstairs in Aunt Debory's flat, an' de pahson done painted de name on de window hisself."

Feb. 10—Well, we are started! Our five washing machines are in place and humming merrily. Our laundresses are enthusiastic, and the place is all smiles and merry songs and friendly jests. And the womens' husbands who are not working, are always on hand, willing to do the heavy chores. We already have nine customers.

Feb. 15—Met Liliette today. She is not quite as dark as George Washington, but a very sweet child. She gladly comes to the Catechism class with him, and they expect to be

(Turn to page 335)

Duelists

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

*Upon a bloody battleground—
My pulsing, riven heart,
Two fencing combatants are found
A-duelling, not o'er a part
But o'er the whole
Of my God-fashioned soul
To hold their sovereign sway.*

*The dual loves, of self and God,
In deadly duel match
Their strength, while by the nod
Of my free will I snatch
The victory
For Thee, My God, or me.
Oh, who shall win today?*

To the Aid of our Mexican Brethren

(Continued from page 325)

is a strict boycott of Mexican goods as Mexican goods and the spread of the true facts concerning suffering Mexico. The society has no dues, but relies for support entirely upon free-will offerings. All are asked to help make the movement a success but "politicians" and atheists are excluded from membership.

The International Truth Society, too, has entered the fray. The primary purpose of their recently launched Mexican campaign is to aid Mexico's Catholics by acquainting the world with conditions as they actually are and by laying the blame on the responsible shoulders. The accusations that Mexico's troubles during the last hundred years are a direct result of the three centuries of Church domination in Mexico are historically false. A pamphlet proving this, "Catholic Mexico," opens the campaign for the International Catholic Truth Society. This pamphlet is an analysis of the history of Mexico during the three hundred years in which Church and State worked hand in hand to the benefit of both. The Church has reason to be proud of those years between 1524 and 1824 and cannot be held responsible for what has happened since the State rejected and outlawed her. Indeed, the Church has been a constitutional outlaw for the past eighty years and yet she is blamed for Mexico's present degradation. There is something wrong somewhere.

The pamphlet by the Rev. Edward Lodge Curran, president of the I. C. T. S., goes to non-Catholic communities absolutely free; a translation in Spanish, now in preparation, will be distributed free of cost throughout Mexico, if the Catholics of the United States will give their generous support. Another pamphlet, "Rebel Mexico," dealing with the last hundred years of Mexican history, is now in the making. Become a "Defender of Mexico." Be an active member in this campaign. Catholic Action calls you.

Finally, a call and a warning come to us from another and authoritative quarter. The Bishops of the United States have repeatedly raised their voices in protest. They realize the harm that will result from the continuation of Mexico's present policies. The Cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of the United States, assembled in annual meeting November 14—15,

1934, issued an emphatic denunciation of the anti-religious program of present-day Mexico. They called upon the faithful for a special crusade of prayer and asked the representatives of the United States to act according to true American principles in their relations with Mexico. Their concluding words are significant, for they direct the appeal not to Catholics but to all Americans: "We would wish on the part of the entire American public, of our great secular press, a fuller knowledge of actual conditions in Mexico. All would then more fully realize that we are pleading not only the cause of the Catholic Church, but the cause of human freedom and human liberty for all the nations of the world."

In the ages of faith, the Crusader's standard attracted to himself all Christendom. We have raised the same standard. Ours, however, will not be a crusade of the sword but of the pen; not fought with the weak weapons of wood and iron but with the strong weapons of prayer and public opinion. Mexico, we are coming!

His "Special" Love

(Continued from page 328)

how a desire for something good and holy is as meritorious in God's eyes as if the desire were materially accomplished.

"The saints who desired martyrdom," she explained, "were really martyrs in spirit, and Jesus blessed their desires with the merits of actuality. You know, dear, that a dying, unbaptized person, if he is denied baptism by water and desires it ardently, is baptized by Jesus Himself, as it were, and this baptism of desire is as valid, opens to him the gates of heaven as truly as if he had been baptized with water. But always, dear, and in all things we must remember that Jesus knows what is best for our individual souls and we must will what He wills. That is greater in His eyes than glamorous deeds or bodily suffering."

Little Cecilia listened gravely. Her tears subsided and her lovely little face glowed again with happiness. Presently she was sleeping peacefully, and Miriam tip-toed from the room. There was a prayer of thankfulness in her heart that God had entrusted such a saintly little soul to her care, and a prayer of supplication that she would always be worthy of that trust.

*From the Rising of the Sun**(Continued from page 326)*

ers, especially by non-Catholics, concerning the reason and underlying motive of many a detail surrounding the celebration of our Eucharistic Sacrifice. We shall derive real pleasure and profit from the ceremonies, finding in them helps to devotion. We shall the better realize that it is the Mass, the Mass that matters more than anything else in the world. Perhaps, with Cardinal Newman, we shall realize that "nothing is so consoling, so piercing, so thrilling, so overcoming as the Mass said as it is among us." Perhaps, with the royal psalmist we shall be able to exclaim: "How beautiful it is, O Lord, to dwell in Thy tabernacles!"

*Leaves from a Social Worker's Diary**(Continued from page 333)*

married sometime after Easter. She is trying to persuade her father and mother to come with her, but they are somewhat prejudiced. Mother Sylvester has asked me to go over and talk things over with them.

Feb. 17—We had a call from "Pahson Smith" this morning. He is coal black, and was bristling with righteous wrath—and Bible quotations. Mother Sylvester invited him into the office, and he berated her soundly for taking Liliette away from his church. Mother was very gentle with him, let him have his say, and then, just as gently showed him his error. She battled with him, quotation for quotation, until he went away scratching his head and a good bit in doubt with himself.

Feb. 18—The cakes have "gone over big." We have orders from three groceries, two delicatessens, and one small hotel, so far. Mother is jubilant.

Pahson Smith turned up last night at the Catechism class. After it ended, he came forward, shook hands with Father O'Halloran, averred he had enjoyed the instruction very much, and offered to help Father in his work, "as pahson to pahson." The latter gravely accepted him, and thinks he will become valuable in the future.

Feb. 20—Saw Liliette's father and mother, and after a long talk, they promised to come with Liliette to Catechism class on Friday evening. I easily explained away their objections, and it now looks as if conversion to the True Faith will be a family affair. They look forward to Liliette's wedding with great anticipation; her mother has asked me to arrange the bride's veil, as she feels she could not do justice to such an important work. I mean to surprise and delight Liliette by making her a present of the material for her bridal gown, and helping her to make it on one of the Settlement sewing machines.

*Philosophy---The First Greek Philosophers**(Continued from page 329)*

statue or the form of a vessel. This, however, is not a substantial form. The statue remains a stone. Just as the Greeks failed to distinguish between accidental and substantial changes so they failed to distinguish between accidental and substantial forms.

In our modern days we still have Materialists, Sensists and Atomists. Like the early Greeks they have failed to understand the fundamental principles. They are so much concerned with the material cause of things that they neglect the formal cause as well as the efficient and final cause. The Materialist, if he is not an atheist, will be a pantheist. According to him all is one and one is all. Aristotle speaking of Anaxagoras says that he alone "kept sober" whilst the other philosophers of this period were drunk with the wine of sensible appearances and "spoke at random." Today many are again drunk with the wine of sensible appearances and "speak at random." Wishing to defend their own kind, they even have the audacity to accuse Aristotle of having handcuffed science.

The first of all prayers and the model of all others, is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

—*St. Jane Frances.*

Next to Holy Communion no act of worship is so pleasing to God, and none is so useful, as the daily visit to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.—*St. Alphonsus.*

The Editor's Page

EASTER WITH

He has many that are desirous of comfort, but few of tribulations.

He finds many companions of His table, but few of His abstinence.

All desire to rejoice with Him, but few are willing to suffer with Him.

Many follow Jesus to the breaking of bread, but few to the drinking of the chalice of His Passion.

The Imitation.



THE show and the dance go on as merrily in Lent as at other times. The bright lights burn just the same, and the monotonous jazz comes out of your radio from no fewer stations than otherwise. Newspapers and magazines invite no less heartily to zestful life. Lent is on throughout the world, though it be ignored by the world. Good Christians fast and pray, but they get no sympathy and none will join them.

Comes Easter. Ah, then we have lots of company, strange company. Is it not a holiday season? "Rejoice! He is risen!" meets us in the papers together with much vapid sentiment. The shows and dance halls put on added attractions; the world dresses up—my Easter hat! my Easter suit! Easter bunnies and Easter eggs get in your hair.

What a laugh, good Christian! You who have abstained from food and drink and amusements; who have suffered with Christ in His Passion and have prayed with Him in Gethsemani and received the Bread of Life in renewed innocence with the Disciples—you indeed rejoice in the new glory of the Resurrection. But why this holiday spirit in the sinful world that knows not even Christ, much less the significance of His

Resurrection?

Be not amazed. Read again those words of A Kempis. People simply love the glory, but hate the cross. It has always been so. However, our modern paganism (to which most of our young people are being educated) has very definite ideas about this business of doing penance. To them penance is a sad and bitter thing and they will have none of it. Moreover, they cry out in real horror at seeing anyone else practicing it, and especially at seeing the Church imposing it on her members. "Why, penance is a relic of the dark ages," they will tell you. "It belongs to the times when people had no education, no plumbing, electric lights, telephones. Just why should one mortify oneself?"

Yes, why? Reader, have you the answer ready? They will tell you that your body was made to enjoy its pleasures. That it is senseless and cruel to weaken it by fast and abstinence. That the recreations you are urged to forego in Lent are lawful; not even forbidden under sin.

In no one point, perhaps, is the world more directly at odds with Christianity than in this matter of suffering and penance. Men cannot and will not get the idea of having to suffer and to deny themselves. If forced to do so, they cry out in fretful rage at a destiny that is so unkind to them. For many whose lives are cast inescapably in pain, suicide is resorted to as the best way out of the sad puzzle.

How very much senseless stuff has been written about suffering—the "great mystery of suffering." Why,

WITHOUT LENT

it is no mystery at all. And we hear and read so much of people revolting at the thought of a "good and merciful God permitting, commanding His children to suffer." As it was in the days of St. Paul, so it is now. "The word of the cross to them indeed that perish is foolishness; but to them that are saved, that is, to us, it is the power of God."

What, then, is the key to this mystery; what is the solution to this great puzzle? Sin—original sin particularly. One who understands the meaning and effects of original sin will have no difficulty at all in understanding penance. Moreover, he will quickly see how the world, by rejecting and forgetting this profound fact, has come to so much error in its entire philosophy of life and of education as well.

You and I know, dear reader, that our first parents' sin of disobedience has come down on every man—the Mother of God alone excepted—not only in its guilt, but also in its effects. The guilt is washed away in the waters of Baptism; the effects remain with us. What are these effects? A weakening of all our natural powers, a tendency in our whole being towards evil instead of good. False doctrine teaches that our mind and heart and body are good and that their impulses and desires are good; therefore they should be satisfied, not repressed. We know that they are weak and tend towards evil; that to indulge them in their desires leads to disorder and sin; that therefore they must be curbed. Not that the appetites in themselves are bad. Hunger for food and thirst for drink are

necessary; else we should make no effort to keep the body alive. Sexual desire is good in itself; else there would be no propagation of the race. But if these and other desires be not kept under control, kept within the limits of their Creator's laws, disorder and evil and sin will inevitably result.

This is not all. Natural and supernatural wisdom has taught us that this self-control must be habitual; strength must be built up against inordinate desires by the practice of a certain amount of self-denial even in lawful things. So the cardinal (because so much hinges on it) virtue of temperance must manifest itself in every well-ordered life. Hence the science of Christian asceticism or self-denial. Hence, too, the value and beauty of penance and suffering, necessary not only as payment for the debt incurred by our actual sins, but also to counteract the results of original sin.

Only in the light of this doctrine can one understand the habitual penances of Christians, and the season of Lent, during which we go into intensive training for the rest of the year. The philosophy of Lent and Easter is then made clear; for just as the penances of Lent take us on the Way of the Cross to the crucifixion of self with Christ, so also do they take us in the triumph of resurrection to a new life in God. Without Lent, no Easter. Hence also the perfect picture of life presented in this season: No cross, no crown; no suffering, no reward; no crucifixion of nature, no rising to life everlasting.

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

Why are candles burned on Catholic altars during Mass and other religious services?

Candles are not used on Catholic altars merely to light up the Church. Electricity would do this much better. Nor are they only a survival of the lamps and torches used in the Catacombs. Candles are used on account of their symbolical significance. The burning candle represents Christ Who is the "Light of the world," also the light of faith, the burning zeal of charity, Christian joy, and fervent continuous prayer. Externally, candles enhance the splendor of the Sacred Mysteries and indicate the reverence due to them.

Can a person be saved without belonging to the Catholic Church? Please answer Yes or No.

Yes and No. There is only one true Church, the Catholic Church. A man either knows this or he does not know it. If he knows the Catholic Church to be the only true Church, yet obstinately remains outside of it till death, there can be no salvation for him. Without the Church, just as without Christ, there is no salvation: for Christ and the Church are one. But if through no fault of his own he does not realize that the Catholic Church is the only true Church, he may still be saved if he follows the dictates of his conscience and is willing to do whatever God requires for salvation. If thus disposed he really belongs to the Church in heart and will. Properly understood, the statement is correct: there can be no salvation outside the Catholic Church, since there can be no salvation outside of Christ.

A non-Catholic told me that an illegitimate child cannot become a member of the Church and gave as a reason this passage from the Bible: "A mamzer, that is to say, one born of a prostitute, shall not enter the Church of the Lord until the tenth generation." (Deuteronomy 23:2) Is there any truth to this statement?

If this statement is true then only Orthodox Jews can be good Christians. Moses promulgated this law for Jews, not for Christians. "Church of the Lord" may mean the whole Israelitic assembly or the inner circle of magistrates; it certainly does not mean the Church founded by Christ. Furthermore, "mamzer" may mean an illegitimate child or it may mean a stranger. The passage is by no means clear. But whatever its meaning it has nothing to do with Christianity. The Church does not deny membership to the innocent victims of parents' passions. The Church is Catholic—open to all men.

What is the difference between the Catholic and Protestant Bible? Is it true that the Catholic Bible has more books than the Protestant Bible?

The Catholic Bible is complete. It contains all the inspired books of Holy Scripture. The Protestant Bible lacks the following books of the Old Testament: Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the two books of Machabees, and parts of Esther and Daniel. Although these books are not found in the Hebrew texts, they were included in the ancient Greek version, were used by Christ and the Apostles, and are declared by the infallible authority of the Church to be truly inspired portions of Holy Scripture.

Why do we say that certain sins cry out to Heaven for vengeance? What sins are included in this class?

"Crying to Heaven for vengeance" expresses the gross injustice and heinousness of certain crimes, which, even if unknown and unpunished by human authority, call down upon the sinner sooner or later the just punishment of an all-knowing and just God. The sins which cry to Heaven for vengeance are wilful murder, depriving laborers of their just wages, oppression of the poor, and the sin of Sodom.

How do indulgences remove the guilt of sin?

As the question stands an answer is impossible. Indulgences do *not* remit the *guilt* of sin at all. What an indulgence does remit is the temporal punishment due to sin, that is, a limited penalty which must be paid to the divine justice even after the guilt of the sin is forgiven. By granting an indulgence the Church pays off this debt in part or in whole out of the satisfactory merits of Christ and the Saints.

Why does the Catholic Church oppose such organizations as the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Masons, and other secret orders?

If you add the Sons of Temperance the quartet would be complete. Other secret societies of Owls, Peacocks, and What-nots exist which are really questionable, but the four mentioned above are expressly condemned by the Church. Not that the Church wages war against these organizations; but nevertheless she strictly forbids Catholics to belong to them. Why? Most of these secret societies are not mere social clubs, but are religious sects having their own ritual, ceremonies, and beliefs. A Catholic can no more belong to a sect of this kind than he can to a Holy Roller Tabernacle. Furthermore no Catholic can in conscience take the oath of secrecy demanded by some of these societies. Then, too, it is a matter of history that members of these societies, officially or unofficially, have shown unmistakable hostility to the Church. If the Church condemns them, it is no more than a just application for the principle of self-preservation. Whatever be the reason for the condemnation of each individual society, it is based on the conviction that this society is doing harm to the one true faith of Jesus Christ.

Does any passage of the Bible state that St. Peter was ever in Rome?

The Bible neither expressly states that St. Peter was in Rome nor denies it. History proves beyond doubt that St. Peter really lived in Rome and was martyred there by Nero. There is, however, an indication of St. Peter's residence at Rome in Holy Scripture: "The Church that is in Babylon . . . saluteth you." (I Peter V, 13) Scripture scholars interpret "Babylon" to mean "Rome," since ancient Babylon was at this time a heap of ruins, whereas "Babylon" could adequately characterize only pagan Rome which St. Peter refrained from mentioning in order to conceal his presence from the persecutors.

Why must Catholics send their Children to Catholic Schools whenever possible instead of sending them to the free public schools?

Catholics take their religion seriously. To them religion is a matter of everyday life, not a Sunday diversion. From the Catholic viewpoint God comes first in education, not last. It is the first and highest duty of education to impart knowledge of God and our relations with Him. Catholics are not opposed to the free public schools because they are public, certainly not because they are free. But Catholics cannot in conscience (unless particular circumstances allow it) send their children to schools, even though public and free, which offer a decapitated education, an education without God, the source and end of all knowledge. The principle that education can be completely separated from religion, the one to be drilled in for five days a week, the other to be relegated to the Sunday-school, is fraught with danger. This type of education leads to religious indifference and consequent moral laxity. Catholic parents have the serious obligation of rearing their children according to Catholic principles. This sacred duty cannot in conscience be entrusted to schools which are opposed to Catholic principles.

A Missionary Thinks Back

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., Marty, South Dakota

After eighteen years, a man ought to take an inventory, and when a Missionary takes an inventory he is bound to take up a bit of the time in musings, "between the lines", as it were.

It was just eighteen years ago last summer, since I packed my trunk, on several hours' notice, and before I came to, found myself on the train going from Southern Indiana to the Sioux Indian country of North Dakota. I was a "new man" then, just ordained, and though broken in health, ready for anything. It made no difference to me, whites or Chinese, blacks or Indians. God's Will and the salvation of souls was all that counted.

Now I am looking back on those eighteen years. The first two were devoted to the Sioux at Devils Lake, and to the Chippewa children that came down from Turtle Mountains to attend the Government school there. Then came a transfer to a field in South Dakota, that comprised three reservations. These, too, were Sioux Indians. I had learned the language in North Dakota, so I could now go ahead with confidence. Those were the days of the Model T jitney, with the big Missionary's box built onto the rear of it, that contained the necessities for a prolonged trip abroad, and everything for the Mass and the Sacraments. One bed was as good as another in those days, and I never knew where night-fall might find me. Meals were haphazard, and from the best down to nothing. The roads were all prairie trails, or at best, dirt grades. At the rate of fifteen hundred miles per month, the jitney rolled along from Mission to Mission, and from tepee to shack. No chance to get fat those days, and no chance to save up any money. The big worry was to keep the old jitney rolling. Salary each month?—it didn't exist for us. Sometimes the collection after a two hundred mile trip brought thirty cents. Stole fees, such as baptismal or marriage offerings?—well, we could find out what they were, if we looked it up in Canon law.

In a way, those were the good old days. Our big worries were little ones, and the physical hardships kept us in good physical trim. Unpleasant or discouraging incidents were quickly forgotten, for the next day we were on the road to another Mission and to a different crowd. But at best, the work was

haphazard. We were just hitting the high places, and just barely holding our own against the ravages of spiritual neglect and other evil forces that preyed upon the flock. Only once a month we saw a Mission school,—when we came back to Crow Creek, to headquarters, to renew our supplies and get ready to go again. How I longed for a Mission school for the Yankton tribe in those days!

Well, these eighteen years have brought on a big change in things. We made hay during the good sunshine of the prosperity days, sent out our little appeal for help, and built our Mission schools. The Sisters came, and of course, the Indian children, too. And the Missionary came to feel what big finance was like. Yes, he felt it badly, but he leaned heavily on Providence and made use of all the tact and "contact" he had, and every other available resource. He found a way of making friends among strangers, and enlisting their interest in his Missions. They came forward, these noble souls, and did their part out of sheer charity for the red man's salvation and that of his children.

The Missionary economized. He equipped his schools with second-hand furniture and equipment. The school children wore used clothing, "rebuilt" by the good Sisters and the Indian girls.

Then came the depression, and many a friend became merely an on-looker, and the collecting agencies of the Church, too, notified the Missionary sympathetically

that there could positively be no further assistance in a financial way; and if anything did come, it would just be a sort of accident. The years continued to go by, and we found ourselves depending entirely on the few remaining friends, just individuals or tiny Mission Clubs, who lived here and there throughout the whole country. We lived through five of such years of uncertainty and worry. But we are still alive, though ten years older in appearance than our years should indicate. Gray hairs come early under such conditions. But our schools are going on. The children are still coming, and the Sisters are still here. Many a soul is being saved, in spite of the old depression, and the drought, and the grasshoppers.

Eighteen years ago there were only a few isolated graves up in the Mission cemetery. Now

(Turn to page 340)



Father Sylvester

Endorsed Motion Pictures

Published by MOTION PICTURE BUREAU

of the INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC ALUMNAE

FEATURES

Suitable for Church Halls, Catholic Schools, or Family Night Programs.

The Band Plays On—Metro

Bright Eyes—Fox

Clive of India—20th Century—United Artists

David Copperfield—MGM

Enter Madame—Paramount

Father Brown, Detective—Paramount

Fugitive Lady—Columbia

Grand Old Girl—RKO

Helldorado—Fox

Here Is My Heart—Paramount

Home on the Range—Paramount

The Iron Duke—Gaumont-British

Little Men—Mascot

The Little Minister—RKO

The Mariners Are Coming—Mascot

The Mighty Barnum—20th Century—United Artists

Mills of the Gods—Columbia

Murder in the Clouds—Warner

Music in the Air—Fox

'Neath the Arizona Sky—Lone Star

The President Vanishes—Paramount

Under Pressure—Fox

The Unfinished Symphony—Gaumont-British

West of the Pecos—RKO

The Westerner—Columbia

SPECIAL CLASSIFICATION

The following pictures have received high rating by this Committee and are suitable for mature audiences but inappropriate for church halls and school showings.

Babbitt—First National

The Battle—Leon Garganoff

Behold My Wife—Paramount

Best Man Wins—Columbia

Dealers in Death—Topical Films

Enchanted April—RKO

Evergreen—Gaumont-British

Don Quixote—Vandor-Nelson Films, Ltd.

The Gilded Lily—Paramount

Imitation of Life—Universal

Men of the Night—Columbia

One Hour Late—Paramount

The Painted Veil—M-G-M

Romance in Manhattan—RKO

Sing Sing Nights—Monogram

Sweet Adeline—Warner

Waltz Time in Vienna—UFA

White Lies—Columbia

RECOMMENDED PICTURES PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

The following pictures, reviewed on the Endorsed Lists in the past three months by the Motion Picture Bureau, are re-listed here for your convenience.

FAMILY AUDIENCE

Anne of Green Gables, Bachelor of Arts, Charlie Chan in London, College Rhythm, Death on the Diamond, Dick Turpin, Fighting Through, The First World War, Gridiron Flash, Happiness Ahead, Have a Heart, Hell in the Heavens, I'll Fix It, Jack Ahoy, Judge Priest, Kid Millions, Lawless Frontier, Lightning Strikes, Love Time, Man from Hell, Man of Aran, Man of Courage, The Man Who Changed His Name, Mrs. Wiggs of

the Cabbage Patch, Peck's Bad Boy, Rocky Rhodes, Servants' Entrance, Silver Streak, Six Day Bike Rider, Student Tour, Tailspin Tommy, Trail Beyond, Wagon Wheels, Wake Up and Dream, When a Man Sees Red.

ADULT CLASSIFICATION

Age of Innocence, Barretts of Wimpole Street, Big Hearted Herbert, Chu Chin Chow, The Count of Monte Cristo, Desirable, The Dragon Murder Case, Evelyn Prentice, Evening, Flirtation Walk, Gentlemen are Born, The Girl of the Limberlost, Great Expectations, I Am a Thief, Imitation of Life, Jealousy, Lemon Drop Kid, Little Friend, Marie Galante, The Menace, One Exciting Adventure, One Night of Love, Richest Girl in the World, That's Gratitude, There's Always Tomorrow, Wednesday's Child, We Live Again, What Every Woman Knows, White Parade, Young and Beautiful.

PICTURES WHICH ARE NEITHER ENDORSED NOR CONDEMNED

The films listed herewith were found unobjectionable by our reviewers so far as morals or ethics are concerned, but were rejected because of faulty direction, poor casting, vulgarities or lack of artistry: Biography of a Bachelor Girl, Convention Girl, Lottery Lover, Princess Charming, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Babes in Toyland, The Unconscious Bandit.

A Missionary Thinks Back

(Continued from page 339)

the empty places have been filled, and the cemetery enlarged to six times its old size. Strolling up and down between those rows of crosses there, means a lot to the Missionary who has seen them laid away to rest one by one during all these years. Many are the little Indian babies there, whose souls were washed in waters of Baptism. Many were the hurried calls by day and by night to a dying Indian. There are school boys and school girls there, too, who died right here in our Mission school, or at their homes in the summer time, and they went with an understanding of their newly-found faith, and anointed with the oil of the last Sacrament. And those sturdy old braves that welcomed the Missionary years ago—I can still see them sitting in a great circle with their long hair and their beaded mocasins. They would pass around the pipe of peace and talk of things in the Indian tongue. Many were the

sermons I used to preach to them in camp or in chapel in those days. They are gone now, nearly all of them, and they rest here in the cemetery at the foot of these many crosses.

The old romance, or spirit of adventure, the old Wild-West idea, has gone. We have had to adapt ourselves to changing problems. The noble spirit of the red men has been crushed, crushed by the domination of the whites. His nobility has gone, his land has gone, and his money, too. Unable to compete with the cunning of the whites, he has gradually succumbed to a craftier mind. Pauper he is now, and a total dependent on the mercy of the Great Father in Washington, and on the charity of his friends at the Mission. Even his language is disappearing, and the little children at times hardly understand what their elders are saying to them.

Confidence for the future, the Indian does not have.

(Turn to page 350)

Benedictine Notes

—A canonical novitiate for native girls has been opened at Inkamana, Zululand, South Africa. These native Sisters, who will be known as Daughters of St. Benedict, will follow the rule of St. Benedict. This new foundation has been made because the civil law does not permit the natives to enter a religious order with the white. The three first candidates for this foundation were clothed with the religious garb during Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated by Bishop Thomas Spreater, O. S. B.

—Father Fintan Kraemer, the venerable senior of the priests of New Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas, after nearly forty-three years in the priesthood, has retired from active life to the abbey because of poor health. For about eight years, beginning with 1900, he was Vicar General of Little Rock; later he served in the capacity of spiritual director at the Josephinum Seminary at Columbus, Ohio. For some years past, however, he had been chaplain in the Spohn Hospital at Corpus Christi, Texas.

—The 200th anniversary of the birth of the Most Rev. John Carroll, first Bishop of the United States, and first Archbishop of Baltimore, occurred on Jan. 8th. It may not be generally known that the consecration of our first Bishop, which took place on Aug. 15, 1790, in Lulworth Castle Chapel, Dorsetshire, England, was performed by a Benedictine Bishop, the Most Rev. Charles Walmesley, O. S. B., whose remains now rest at Downside Abbey near Bath in England. Some years ago a beautiful memorial was erected in Downside Abbey Church to the memory of Bishop Walmesley. A cardinal, three archbishops, and twenty-seven American bishops are among the contributors to this memorial.

—Father Maurus Carnot, O. S. B., monk of the Abbey of Disentis in Switzerland, well known as a popular writer of dramas, lyrics, and novels, died on Jan. 2nd, three weeks before reaching his seventieth birthday. Professed Dec. 22, 1886, Father Maurus was ordained July 8, 1888. It is said that in all his writings he had been particularly devoted to the preservation and cultivation of the romantic Swiss dialect. The original of "The House of the Three Larches," which was translated and adapted by Mary E. Mannix, from the writings of Father Maurus Carnot, appeared serially in volumes ten and eleven of THE GRAIL.

—Father, Raymond Balko, O. S. B., M. Mus., of St. Vincent's Archabbey, recently had the rather unique experience of lecturing in a Presbyterian church on various features of Gregorian Chant. Many parts of the lecture were illustrated by a schola of seven Benedictine clerics.

—Miss Marie-Peter Ducq, who was converted to the Faith over four years ago by the radio sermons of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, has gone to Belgium to enter a contemplative community of Benedictine nuns near Antwerp. Miss Ducq intends to devote the remainder of her life through the apostolate of prayer to the winning of souls for the Mystical Body of Christ. She promised to pray frequently for the "Catholic

Hours," which was instrumental in bringing her into the Church.

—There died Jan. 19th in St. Joseph's Convent, St. Mary's, Pa., where the first convent of Benedictine Sisters was established in the United States, Sister M. Flavia English, O. S. B., who had entered the Order in 1869. Sr. Flavia, who was born in Co. Limerick, Ireland, Apr. 2, 1849, was the only surviving member of her community that had known the pioneer Sisters who established St. Mary's. She had been ill only a few weeks.

—Father Maximus Vredevelde, S. O. Cist., and Bro. Tarcisius van Schnydel, S. O. Cist., accompanied by the Abbot General of the Cistercian Order, arrived at Paulding, Miss., on January 16, to begin their first foundation in the Southland.

—At St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., an institute for social study was opened in January under the guidance of the professors of the university. The State Federation of Catholic Societies is collaborating in this work. There will be one meeting each month until May inclusive. The topic for discussion in February was Social Life; in March it will be Human Rights; in April: Property or Ownership; in May: The Family.

—Father Valerian Havlovic, O. S. B., a priest of St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois, died suddenly on February 3rd. It not infrequently happens that death comes without warning to priests and religious. Father Valerian was born in Bohemia Sept. 14, 1864. On July 28, 1883, he was professed as a Benedictine and on Nov. 6, 1887, the priesthood was conferred upon him.

Farewell!

A retreatant wrote the following apostrophe to the bed on which he took repose during the days he spent in the solitude of the retreat.—EDITOR.

O bed, farewell!
I go; yet though I go,
Thy memory will abide
Within my heart,
Through all my bones and limbs.

Thou art a faded relic of the times,
When men sought not the soft things of this life;
But were content to eke out rough and coarse
Their hard and tough existence.
When all these foibles such as supple springs
Were little known.

Thou art as firm as any bedded rock,
As hard as any adamant stone.
Thou hast thy hills and valleys so disposed,
As to punch into my soft spots
And leave hang my hard spots.

Yet I did neither scold nor cry nor curse.
Not curse—because I may not;
Not cry—because my ancient man of sin and
flesh is dead;
Not scold—because I was in devout retreat.

But now that I may speak—Farewell!

H. D., O. S. B.

The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

Eucharistica

"To obtain the full flavor of life, one must live dangerously," said one of our modern philosophers recently. "To be a real Catholic is to live dangerously," says the Archbishop of Birmingham, England. A fitting reply to a religionless apostle of looseness, for, what the modern philosopher really meant, was not daring adventure, bravery, gallant sacrifice—but living on the edge of a precipice, flouting conventions, flirting with sin, indulging the senses until conscience has been too dulled to realize what is right or wrong. But there is nothing lofty or praiseworthy in yielding to one's weaknesses: "any dead fish can float down-stream", but a live, healthy one will swim against the current, battle with whirlpools and eddies, even jump rapids in the effort to gain the calm, upstream pool where it desires to hatch its eggs.

Catholics in persecuted countries live dangerously today, and always have; there is always some country where the True Faith is being suppressed. But even where there is no open persecution, there are demoralizing influences, as in our own country today; Catholics live dangerously among them; high courage is needed to fight off alluring temptations, to walk straight and unsullied in a society which counts it a smart and clever thing to let down on morals, on the plea that it is man's nature, and useless to combat.

"Holy Communion is the Catholic's best fortification against these influences", continues the Archbishop, and he further recommends not only weekly or monthly reception, but DAILY Communion as the thorny hedge surrounding the soul, and preventing it from climbing out to the wide, primrose path of indulgence and sin. The power of Satan over the daily communicant is greatly diminished, and he finds it increasingly easy to look with a contemptuous eye upon everything that does not savor of holiness and purity.

English Ivy

There is a solid, enduring beauty in English ivy that is not found in many another plant. Its rich dark blue-green leaves are beautiful, climbing up stone pillars or brick wall with sturdy persistence, making use of the tiniest crevice or roughness to secure a toe-hold, (like a



soul climbing ever heavenward, and making use of the smallest grace and Godly inspiration to help draw itself upward.) As a winter indoor plant, it lends a graceful charm to any room where it is placed, drawing its sustenance from the earth in a lovely old pottery jar, standing perhaps before a mirror on a narrow table, on a window-sill, or even on the living-room

mantel. It is so hardy and easy to grow, that it needs scarcely any attention outside of daily watering, and even if left unwatered for two or three days, never loses spirit, but remains its own sturdy self.

The plants themselves are very inexpensive; often the dime stores feature them, and in Spring many sidewalk vendors display rows upon rows of them. But they do like shade better than sun; if planted outside, care should be taken never to plant them on a south wall. The sun will burn them; they like a north wall, or a northeast or northwest one. It will survive the winter if precautions are taken in the Autumn, since its new growth is always tender, though the roots are hardy. For at least three winters, its roots should be protected by a mulch—banked up fallen leaves, straw, well-rotted manure or raked off dry grass.

Some recommend protecting it for even four winters, and certainly the little extra trouble involved is well worth it, if one values the plants and wishes to do very well by them. In the Spring, if the old leaves begin falling off, those that remain may be cut off close to the stem; this stimulates an entire new and vigorous growth. For house plants, if the tip of the single stem is pinched off, side shoots will crop out, thus making it a more convenient size for vase or window pots.

An Old Winter Standby

Our old friend, sauer kraut, long one of the standard dishes of several countries, has come into its own. Always a full, satisfying fall and winter dish, it is even more than that. Famous doctors and dieticians have found that sauerkraut has bulk of peristaltic action, that is—preventing constipation, and assisting the body to overcome that condition. It contains vitamins for growth and strength, mineral salts for the blood, teeth and bones, and lactic ferments which tend to keep the intestines free from disease-producing germs.

It should be eaten with other vegetables and meats to make up a balanced ration, though some housewives like to serve a glass of sauerkraut juice at the beginning of dinner now and then. Few vegetables, if any, supply such a variety of health ingredients. The known chemical substances needed to sustain life cannot be supplied by any one food; some contain more, some less of these valuable ingredients, but in sauerkraut, if used frequently, combined with other foods, we come very near supplying most of the necessary substances.

Some housewives object to it on the ground that its odor, while cooking, is offensive, permeating the entire house; if sauerkraut is "strong", it has not been properly cared for in the barrel, or it has been left in too warm a place. If storekeepers keep their kraut barrels in the refrigerator, the vegetable will be found to remain fine and white, and delicate in flavor, while the cooking odor is negligible. Canned kraut is very good in flavor, remaining uniform no matter what the tem-

perature. Some like to sprinkle a few caraway seeds over the top while it is cooking; this imparts a richer flavor. When done, a piece of lard, and a thickening of flour and water, together with a little salt and a table-spoon of sugar, will make it very palatable indeed. A unique way to serve it is, to have the butcher tie together two slabs of spare ribs around the edges. Dust with salt and pepper inside and out, then fill with drained sauerkraut and tie shut. Pour juice into pan and bake until tender.

Caring for Utensils

Oven glassware should be well greased before placing any food in it to be baked, as this prevents excessive sticking. In selecting glass utensils, be sure to ask if they are ovenproof and able to bear the heat, as sometimes inferior kinds are featured at sales, which are not the heat-proof kind. But even those which are supposed to be unbreakable, must be handled with care. They will break if dropped, and while they may be used in a hot oven, they cannot be placed above an open flame. They cannot be subjected to sudden changes in temperature; for instance, do not pour cold water into a hot dish after emptying it, or handle it with a wet cloth or set it on a wet sink or table top while hot; it will crack too if placed in water to cool the contents.

Most glass ovenware is good-looking enough to be placed on the table directly after taking from the oven. Of course, asbestos pads must be used when placing these on the table, to protect its surface. A flexible spatulate knife should be used to loosen the baked food around the edges, but should the contents stick, as soon as empty, the dish should be placed to soak with warm water and washing powder.

Aluminum sometimes becomes discolored by boiling water in it, or from foods containing iron or alkali. This reaction is really not harmful, although some careful housewives like to scour them with steel wool pads to keep them bright. The steel wool pads are also very quick and efficient in removing baking stains from oven glassware. Sometimes, certain foods left standing in aluminum utensils acquire a metallic taste, so it is best to remove foods from such pans at once. Aluminum bake pans often become pitted by allowing gravy from baked meats to stand in them any length of time.

The steel wool pads are wonderful for use on enamel pots and pans. If used constantly, especially on the outside, the pan will remain bright as new until too leaky for use.

Choosing a Heating System

When one contemplates building a house, it is well to study upon all its component parts long before summoning the architect, so that the subject may be discussed intelligently when he does come. Most persons of average means will, of course, have to budget very carefully in order to keep within their income and savings; however, in economizing, it is best to economize on luxuries rather than necessities, and the heating system comes under the latter heading. It is poor economy to choose the cheapest heating plant, regardless of the service it will give or its durability. It is

the poorest possible economy to have tiled walls and floors, expensive colored bathroom fixtures, fancy breakfast nooks and built-in "doo-dads," and then install a cheap furnace, which in a short time will smoke, leak soot at the joints, perhaps develop a cracked fire-pot.

A cheap heating job will also include inefficiently placed pipes, some of which will lose most of the heat by their excessive length, and a furnace usually much too small to properly heat the cubic footage of air space contained in the house. This latter fault may also be true of the hot water system; if the furnace is too small, it must be driven, entailing waste of fuel and prematurely burned out parts. First, choose a furnace of reputable make; then, have a heating engineer of the chosen firm come down and measure the air capacity of the house, in order to determine the proper size furnace. The safest procedure is, to order a furnace a size larger than needed. The saving in fuel and parts will in time prove the wisdom of such a decision.

While the hot air system provides speedy heat on a cold morning, yet, there are disadvantages; for instance, after the heat pipes have been in use for two or three years, they will begin to carry dust and dirt into the rooms, and the only fool-proof way to clean them, is, to take them all down every summer—quite an expense. Hot water and steam are free from this disadvantage.

Household Hints

Keep a steel wool pad on the laundry shelf; it cleans wringer rolls quickly after the washing is done.

Carrots are good for asthma sufferers; celery and onions are excellent nerve tonics; plenty of cabbage prevents colds in winter.

Mutton fat mixed with stove blacking is said to hold a polish longer than when mixed with water. Melt the fat and add as much powdered stove blacking as the fat will absorb.

Wash a few spinach leaves at a time in a colander under running water; this method is fool-proof and quick, and no sand or dirt remain.

If you cannot get the white bleaching dye soap, boil the faded dress or shirt in cream of tartar water and it will become white.

Recipes

MINCEMEAT COOKIES: Cream 1/3 cup butter and lard, and 1 cup sugar; add 1 well-beaten egg and ¼ cup milk. (Undiluted evaporated milk makes them rich.) Two teaspoons vanilla, ½ teaspoon salt, 2¼ cups flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Take 1 package mincemeat and break up with a silver fork. Cut dough in half, roll out, spread mincemeat over it, cover with other half and roll together, folding over once or twice so that mincemeat will be well distributed. Cut out and bake 12 minutes in fairly quick oven.



Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

Mary

Mrs. Sweeney was busy darning stockings when Mary, her seven year old daughter, came home from school. Mary burst into the room and said; "Mother, I'm tired of books, please, tell me that pretty story about Our Lady of Lourdes. I just love it." "All right, dear, get the little footstool and sit down. I am glad you like the story of Our Lady, because it is she to whom you are dedicated."

Mary pulled up the footstool and sat down. Then her mother told her that beautiful story so dear to clients of Our Blessed Mother. Mrs. Sweeney had often told this story to her little girl, but she never tired of it, nor did Mary. After her mother had finished the story little Mary said:

"Mother, you said I should love Our Lady of Lourdes because she is my Heavenly Mother. I do love her, but I want to do something for her to show my love. What can I do?"

Mrs. Sweeney smiled and gave Mary a hug. She was quite proud of this mite of a child, but did not spoil her, so she said very seriously:

"I like to hear you talk so lovingly of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and I am going to give you a little suggestion. Our Blessed Lady is not only your mother, but she is everybody's mother. Now, she loves each and every one of her children and wants them to love one another. So I am sure she would be quite pleased if you would be kind to all of her children for love of her. Never say anything mean to or about anybody; pray for the whole world and be good and kind to everybody. Do you think you can do that?"

"Do you mean that I should be good and not fuss with Jean if she fusses with me? or talk about Phyllis because she always wants to be first? Honest, Mother, that can't be wrong?"

"Yes, dear, it is wrong, and it is sometimes hard not to do so, but just because it is hard, it will please Our Lady more than if you tried to show her your love in some easy way."

"Well, Mother, I'll try, because I do want her to be pleased with me."

A week later Mary and Jean, one of her little school chums, were on their way to school. They had just passed a large home, built a little distance back from the sidewalk, surrounded by a spacious lawn. When they were well past the house, Jean ventured to whisper:

"Say, my brother told me that Mr. Vann lives in there. He is a very rich man, but doesn't spend much money. He never leaves his house. His servants do everything for him and all he does is read."

"Why the poor man must be lonely."

"Oh, no, he doesn't want to see anybody, and everybody is afraid of him."

This set little Mary to thinking. She didn't believe he was so mean and she thought he must be lonely. She almost told Jean so and then she remembered that she had promised Our Blessed Lady she wouldn't quarrel. All she said was:

"I feel sorry for him and I'm going to pray for him."

But that wasn't all, she said! It was a cold, rainy Saturday in March and Mary was coming home from Communion instructions when a thought struck her. At first she put it out of her head and then she said almost out loud;

"Yes, I will." And so she did. Instead of passing the big house with the big front yard and the hedge around it, she started up the walk. Her heart was beating so fast she thought it would burst. The walk seemed to be miles long, but still she plodded on saying the ejaculation "Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for me." At last she reached the front porch and then her hand was on the doorbell. A maid answered and seemed quite surprised to see a little seven-year-old girl standing on the porch.

"Please, may I see Mr. Vann."

This time the maid showed her surprise by opening her mouth so wide that she frightened Mary.

"Please, I want to see him so bad."

"Yes, miss, but does he want to see you?"

"Please, ask him; he might."

"Well, I'll see." With this the maid opened

the door to admit Mary. Then she went down the long corridor, and turned into a side door. Soon she returned and took Mary by the hand.

"He doesn't know who you are, but he said I could bring you in."

Mary uttered a prayer of thanks to Our Lady and before she could say a prayer of petition she stood before Mr. Vann. He was a tall, thin, man with white hair and a rather handsome face. She wasn't a bit afraid of him. He looked at her but did not smile. Then he told the maid to leave the room. When the maid was gone he turned to Mary and said in a low, but pleasant, voice:

"What do you mean by coming here without being asked?"

Mary was trembling but managed to reply:

"Oh, please, sir, don't be angry. I just had to come. Jean told me you were all by yourself and that nobody comes to see you. I thought you must be awfully lonely, but she said you didn't want to see anybody and, besides, that everybody was afraid of you. I didn't say anything except that I bet you were lonely and that I felt sorry for you and was going to pray for you. You know I promised Our Lady of Lourdes, I would love all her children and pray for them; and since you're one of her children I didn't like to hear you talked about. And as I was passing your house today I just thought I'd come in and see if you were lonely. I think Our Lady of Lourdes sent me here. Do you know the story about Our Lady?"

The man looked at her for some time, then said:

"I think, too, Our Lady of Lourdes sent you. I used to know her and be one of her children, but I think she has disowned me now."

"Oh, no, no! Mother said even those who don't love her are her children, so I'm sure you're one of them. But why aren't you now if you used to be?"

Mr. Vann looked at her and then began slowly:

"It's a long story, but if you want me to tell you about it, I will. A long time ago I had a little girl, not quite as old as you are. She was five and the prettiest little girl I ever saw. She was a very good little girl and I loved her and her mother very much. Mrs. Vann and I had taken her to Lourdes in France to dedicate her to Our Lady. While we were there she became

quite ill and we thought she would die. But Our Blessed Mother spared her. However, we were home only six weeks when the accident occurred. Both she and her mother were killed. Oh, I was bitter. I said there was no God, and if there was, He was not just. Since then I haven't seen much of anybody. I cooped myself here and would not hear of God or anything else. However, this last month I have had a change of mind and I think it is due to your prayers to Our Lady of Lourdes."

"Oh, I'm so glad, now I can tell Jean you're not mean; that you were lonely and that you love Our Lady too. And the next time I come I'll bring her,—may I?"

"Yes, do, and please come often for I am lonely, but your prayers and Our Lady have made me happy again."

Headed for Home

Two little twins one day were playing

A game of choo-choo train,
When I happened upon them, little Ben was saying
"Ferdinand! so full of fame!"

Scholastica sat in a wagon of red,
Looking so happy and gay
Little Ben informed her: "I'm about dead,
And if you don't get out I won't play."

He was tired of pulling her all over the room,
Thought it was his turn to ride.
He'd been pulling and pulling ever since noon,
And now had a pain in his side.

"But, Bennie, you promised you'd take me home,"
Scholastica said with a smile.

"Why, you haven't even mentioned the big city, Rome,
But I guess you will after 'while."

Benedict looked bewildered and blue,
But soon he began to smile
"I really don't know where else to take you,
Since you have been riding for miles."

Suddenly, his voice sounding clear and strong,
"Heaven!" he called out loud,
Scholastica jumped and it didn't take long
Till she said, "Thanks a lot," and bowed.

Although this incident's a thing of the past;
E'en though it may not be true;
These two little twins reached heaven at last
Where they're waiting for me and for you.

Sister M. Asunta, O. S. B.
(Nellie)

Father Abbot in Europe

On the train
Between Rome and Genoa, Italy
December 14, 1934

Dear Confreres,

The last Contact letter was written December 1 just after my arrival in Venice; this one is being written on the train shortly after my departure from Rome. Much has happened. We will begin the report with Venice, which is truly a unique city. In the first place, tell Father Eberhard that there was no grass in the place—at least not very much. No street cars, no busses, no autos, no lawns, no trees, no vegetable gardens, no horses, no cows, very few dogs, but plenty of cats. Venice is an island city cut up by one grand canal and many small canals. There are few wide streets. Most streets are narrow, so narrow that in some cases there is room for only two persons to walk side by side. Sidewalks are not necessary. Since there are no vehicles all persons walk in the street, unless they travel by gondola or gasoline boat. It must be tiring for older persons to walk in the city for you are forever going up and down the steps of the bridges that cross over the canals. These bridges must be high enough to permit the gondolas and other little boats to pass under them. The city might almost be called a marble city since so many of its buildings are made of marble or trimmed with marble. However, the grandeur of this unique city threatens to vanish since the whole island is slowly sinking into the sea. Slowly but steadily observation shows that Venice is going down. One good illustration of this is the old Benedictine Church of St. Zacharina. Excavations show that a former church on this spot now has its old mosaic floor under sea level. In fact it is in parts covered with water that stands in the basement of the present church. This church contains the body of the great St. Athanasius. Many of you perhaps do not know that Father Abbot Athanasius received as a precious relic for St. Meinrad a rib from the body of his great Patron. This was given to him by the Patriarch of Venice who later became Pope Pius X. This same church also has a precious painting of the Madonna enthroned which is estimated to be worth about 2½ million dollars. In an old side chapel, the same that contains the body of St. Athanasius, are the old choir stalls of the Benedictine Monks. To keep up the Benedictine tradition the pastor of this church has as his assistants two Benedictine Fathers. There is also a German secular priest from the diocese of Freiburg who looks after the numerous German speaking citizens in Venice. One of the Benedictine assistants was very kind to me the two mornings that I said Mass there. I offered him a handsome tip before leaving. Contrary to the very strong tendency of his race to accept, he turned down the offering with a smile saying: "Nos fratres sumus." This new brother of mine bore the name of 'Father Patrick.' The German priest from Freiburg was Father Schaefer. On Monday morning I asked him whether he perhaps would have time to guide me through some of the city. He was at leisure and also kind enough to accompany me. Among other things I wanted by all means to enjoy a ride in a gondola in Venice. I told Fr. Schaefer to include this in his plan for me. We afterwards stopped at a gondola station and asked how much he would charge to take us to the "Golden House." "Eight Lire," he said. "Non, non, non!" said Fr. Schaefer with his mouth and hand. "We can go on the Vaporetto (a motor boat that serves the purpose of a street car on the Grand Canal) for 20 centesimi." And away we walked. The man followed us and said in Italian "Four Lire." We accepted his offer. After he had us in the boat he offered to lengthen the trip for an additional sum. However, we wanted to see the "Golden House"

which represents one of the last homes of the old Venetian aristocracy. Now it is used like a museum. It certainly was a grand home, enriched by mosaic ceiling trimming, marble statuary, and the finest paintings. The Rialto was interesting. It is a marble bridge over the Grand Canal. There are booths with objects for sale on each side of the bridge. The Bridge of Sighs connects the old Ducal Palace with the Prison. Those sentenced to death by the tribunal of judgment in the Ducal Palace passed over this bridge to their prison cell. The Ducal Palace is filled with remarkable paintings. It is truly a palace most precious. One marvels at the worth discovered in Venice and wonders how it was possible to adorn so richly. The answer is: The Venetians stole these treasures. They were a predatory people that conquered cities and lands and brought back from Constantinople and other places ship loads of worthwhile booty such as marble busts and statues, alabaster vases, rare tapestry, paintings, and mosaics, not to mention gold. They even stole relics. Thus for example, they got the body of St. Nicholas. After the ships had been loaded with other treasures, a chaplain knelt before the remains of St. Nicholas and invited the Saint to come along to Venice. He was promised a fine shrine and faithful veneration. St. Nicholas went along to Venice. All vegetable supplies, meats and milk are sent to Venice in boats from the mainland. The water supply is piped from the mainland to the island city. The pipes lie on the sea bottom. I asked an American what they do with the sewage in Venice. He replied "They smell it." It is all turned loose into the numerous canals. One could not notice any odors in the winter, but they say it gets bad at times in summer. The trains come to Venice over a long bridge. The airplanes land on the Lido, a neighboring island, the passengers are taken in a small gasoline boat to the city. It never gets so very cold in Venice. Poorer persons have no heat in their homes. When not at work as on Sunday afternoons they keep warm by walking to and fro with the promenading crowds on the wide sunny streets that skirt the sea shore. The Venetians call this street their stove because it serves to keep them warm.—Now let's say good-bye to Venice and go to the Eternal City. The little gasoline boat leaves for the airport at 11:20 a. m., December 3. It is a Monday. At 11:50 the plane is supposed to leave for Rome. But it is late in arriving from Munich. Finally the plane can be heard but not seen. The fog is dense. All of a sudden and pretty close by the big bird emerges from the fog and lands. There was a German Commandant aboard. I noticed that he and the pilots were angry. I asked them why they were late—about a half hour or three quarters. "Ah, they (the Italians) directed us by a longer route on account of the fog." They seemed to think that was not necessary, since the worst of the fog was right at Venice and not on the way thither. After a short time we were told to get in. Before we got started, one of the German pilots was in a big hurry to go. He opened his little door and called through the compartment to the men at the door: "Was is da hinter los? Wir wollen machen dass wir fort kommen!" Then we started. It was a German plane, bigger than the one that brought us to Venice. Room for about 14 passengers. There was a smoking compartment for four and another compartment for ten. But we were only five passengers. The fog made it impossible to see Venice from the sky. I regretted this. If you will look at the map of Italy and draw an imaginary straight line from Venice to Rome you will see the route we traveled. We passed between Perugia and Assisi. Part of the route was over water and rice fields of North-east Italy, part over mountains, and part over plains. At times the fog was so heavy that

we could see nothing. We went over clouds, under clouds, and through clouds. At times we flew low over a valley between mountain ridges, so low that houses on the ridges were level with us or even above us, so low that at times we scared the chickens in the yards below us. It was delightful to see the compact little villages, mostly on elevated plateaus. I think Mussolini ought to take the ruts out of the Italian airways. I was surprised to notice at times a rather bumpy or bouncing movement of the airplane. With eagerness I had looked forward to the magnificent sight of Rome from the sky. Alas, as we got near Rome it rained and became so gloomy that we saw nothing but the airport. One cheery face brightened the gloom. It was that of Father Bernard. I felt sure he would be there and he was. How good it felt to see him again after his five years of absence from home. He is looking fine; has not grown any taller or broader than what he was when he came over to study at Rome. We went directly to S. Anselmo College. I had never seen it before. It is bigger than I thought it was. After an "Ave" said at the entrance on arrival at the College, we went straight to Father Abbot Primate's room. He is in good health and showed such a warm welcome and cordial hospitality that instead of five days I stayed eleven days in Rome. The flight from Venice had taken only two hours so I was in plenty of time for eight o'clock supper.—Pardon a parenthesis. There is the leaning Tower of Pisa. I have often seen pictures of it and often looked up the pronunciation of it. But, Pee-za, or Pieza, there is the leaning tower itself. I think Mussolini ought to prop it up. It is now 2:45. At 5:40 this electric engine should get us to Genoa where we shall have only a quarter of an hour in the city of dear Christopher Columbus to change trains for Tortona where I hope to spend the night with Fr. Alexander's "Piccola Opera della Divina Provvidenza." The mention of the name Christopher brings something to my mind that you should know. In Venice there is a painting of the "Flight into Egypt." The flight is "modo Venetiano." St. Joseph is taking the Blessed Virgin and the Christ Child to Egypt in a gondola. St. Christopher is the gondolier. I suppose the donkey was left at home. He at least does not appear in the picture. This is almost the end of the parenthesis except that you ought to know that his ride along the sea coast is fascinating. Much of the route lies so close to the sea that you can see the waves trying to jump up higher and higher on the shore.—At S. Anselmo's the fine refectory was pretty well filled with Professors and students. It looks like a learned group. After supper there was a brief recreation period with the Professors in one group and the students in another group. Thereafter, night prayers and to bed. The first morning in Rome was used to visit the Tomb of St. Peter and to apply for an audience with the Holy Father. Father Abbot Primate dispensed from table reading and permitted colloquium in my honor at the noon meal. After dinner Father Michael Ducey invited Fr. Bernard and me to share in a visit to the Catacombs of S. Priscilla.—Here is another parenthesis: We just passed through Carrara, the place whence came the marble for our high altar in St. Meinrad. An Italian priest who rode with me for some distance got off at Carrara to buy a new altar for his church. Quia ipse Italianus fuit, ego autem Americanus, Latine loquebarur. — These are not open to the public but only to students. We had as our guide a non-Catholic lady who has spent weeks in these catacombs studying the pictures and inscriptions. Some of these go back to the second century. Our guide spoke good English so the visit was of value to us all.—Wednesday morning, December 5, I said Mass at the tomb of the great St. Paul on whose sepulchral slab is the very simple inscription "Paulo Apostolo Martyri." I offered up this Mass as also the Mass at the Tomb of St. Peter on Sunday, December 9, for all the members of the Abbey, for the Seminarists (Major and Minor), and for all our Alumni, especially Bishop Ritter. Father Bernard served. The body of St. Paul lies lower

than sea level. During a flood in some time past St. Paul's Church was filled with water deep enough to use boats inside the church. A mark on one of the marble columns still shows how high the water stood. Of course, the tomb of St. Paul was inundated. It therefore seems that till the end of time St. Paul will be "in periculis maris." We saw the chains of St. Paul. In later years this magnificent church has been most beautifully redecorated. The windows are of alabaster. The Benedictine Abbey adjoining the church is in very good condition. At present an elevator is being installed for the use of the Holy Father when he comes to St. Paul's.—On nearly all my visits and trips in and around Rome Father Bernard was my guide and interpreter. I was lucky to have him with me. From St. Paul's we went to the depot to travel by train to Subiaco. How glad I was to make this trip, a distance of forty miles to the east of Rome. From the town of Subiaco we walked leisurely up to the Monastery of St. Scholastica in about 45 minutes. On the way we passed some of the old ruins of Nero's buildings. A good portion of a mill he had is still standing. A little 12 year old boy who was out for business wanted to show us the way to the Abbey. We declined his services, but he persisted in accompanying us, explaining things

Notice to Subscribers:

Effective January 1, 1935. Due to the small margin on which our magazine is now published since the price has been reduced to \$1.00 the year, no acknowledgments for renewals will be made. Please take notice of key in back of your address on Grail. If it reads **3 36**, it indicates that your subscription is paid till March 1936 inclusive. If it reads **2 35** it means that your subscription expired with the February Grail 1935. We kindly appeal to your sincere cooperation by mailing us your renewal as soon as your subscription expires. This will enable us to continue mailing you The Grail at this reduced price of \$1.00. Many thanks.

THE GRAIL.

on the way. We asked him where he lived and whither he was going. He lived in Subiaco and was going with us to show us the way. He was kind, interesting, and out for business. Finally we arrived at the Abbey gate. Father Bernard then tipped him on the installment plan while I watched the reaction as manifested in the face of the boy. First 50 Centesimi. A look of surprise and disappointment. Another 50 Centesimi, about 4¼ cents. A smile of gratification. Then a whole lira. Total 17¢. Oh! what generosity! The boy was happy. Most of the way up the road and stony path we could hear the gurgling and the tumbling of the water of the old River Amo, present day Aniane. It was the same river that filled Nero's lakes, the same sound that St. Benedict heard,—that mingled with his prayer. Occasionally we met laden donkeys coming down the steep path. They helped to lend antiquity to the scene. There was no automobile speed or nervous haste. Donkeys take their time. At the door Father Guestmaster met us and was most kind. Rooms were assigned. It was a bit chilly, so a little antique charcoal stove was put into my room. We saw the church and a deep crypt. We went to supper and ate rice with the monks. There were some Junior Brothers

with big appetites. Later we met Father Abbot who had just returned. We also chanted Compline. It was a beautiful, soft, refined chant that edified. Now we were ready for a night's rest in the primeval Abbey of the Benedictine Order. This is the only one of the twelve Abbeys founded by St. Benedict at Subiaco that survived to the present time. The original Monastery no longer stands. Yet, doubtless parts of the original walk or foundations exist somewhere in the present structure. On the morning of December 6, a Thursday, Father Bernard and I walked from St. Scholastica Monastery up to the Sacro Specu. The Sacro Specu used to be an Abbey complete in its organization. Now it is something like a priory dependent on the St. Scholastica Abbey. About twelve Fathers and Brothers dwell there. Both Abbey and priory seem to be very poor. It was a walk of about one half hour up the steep, stony path. We saw the sunrise on the way. As we puffed along uphill we looked about us, across the valley to our right to the mountain slope beyond; we listened also to the constant ripple of the water of the Amo. There came to us the thought that we were seeing the things that St. Benedict once saw; we were hearing the things that he heard. Soon we were to pray and say Mass where he prayed. Before reaching the buildings of Sacro Specu we got a good view of how they were stuck right against the mountain cliff. We were welcomed with true Benedictine hospitality. We told Father Prior that we both wanted to say Mass in the Sacro Specu. Father Bernard served my Mass and one of the Brothers served his Mass. The little chapel with a very small altar is built right in front of the cave in which St. Benedict prayed. I was very glad to see that our St. Benedict's Grotto in the crypt of the Abbey Church is such a faithful likeness of the original cave. I like our own kneeling figure or statue of St. Benedict much more than the seated figure in the cave at Subiaco. But far more precious than the artistic statue are the plain old rocks of the cave itself that heard and reechoed the prayers of our Holy Father. A unique decoration of the chapel containing the altar is the wainscot made of narrow marble slabs of dark marble. These slabs were obtained by slicing a marble column found in the ruins of Nero's building. The decorations back of and above the altar are in mosaic. What a privilege it was to say Mass here and afterwards to kneel on the very same stones on which St. Benedict knelt. I offered up this Mass as also the Mass at Monte Cassino later for St. Meinrad's Abbey, that all of us might become ever more and more true Benedictines according to the example and Rule of our Holy Father. A memento was made also for all relatives, friends, and benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. After Mass, thanksgiving, and breakfast we saw other parts and details of the Sacro Specu buildings. There are two caves that were used by St. Benedict. The higher one was used for prayer, the lower one was the place where he instructed the neighboring shepherds and peasants that came to him for guidance. Thus he combined the contemplative and the active life. The prior pointed out the place above these caves where the monk let down the basket of food daily to supply St. Benedict with food. The Monastery where dwelled this monk was only about 300 paces back of the top of the cliff. A little broken bell is still preserved at the Abbey. It is said to be the bell that was fastened to the food basket as signal for St. Benedict, the bell that the devil broke by throwing a stone at it. A stairway is now built over the path that connected the two caves. Out of reverence for the path trod by St. Benedict persons now go up this stairway on their knees, reciting a prayer on each step. It is called "Scale Sancta." Near the lower cave is the place where St. Benedict cast himself into the briars the time he was tempted with impure thoughts. St. Francis Assisi grafted roses on these briars and, ever since, these roses are cultivated. I took a few of the rose leaves along as a souvenir. St. Francis Assisi made a retreat at the cave of St. Benedict in about the year 1223. This unusually holy man

so attracted the attention of the Monks of St. Benedict that one of them then and there painted a likeness of the saint in one of the walls of a little cave near the Sacro Specu. It is still preserved as one of the earliest pictures of the Saint of Assisi. They also have ravens at Subiaco—not crows, but real ravens, big fellows, four of them, in a cage. One difficulty at Subiaco is to provide garden space for growing vegetables and flowers. The monks have filled this need by building about sixty narrow terraces on the steep cliff near the cave. These terraces were all rock. Ground had to be carried from the valley below or the plateau above to cover these rocky terraces with garden soil. An old fortress that was necessary to protect the property from marauders still stands near the cave. We were booked for dinner at eleven at St. Scholastica Abbey, so we had to leave the sacred place, but not without taking along the rose leaves and a little piece of rock from the Sacro Specu. After dinner we bade Father Abbot and the kind, trim, little Guest Master farewell and walked to the town to catch a bus that would connect with the train for Rome. At 2:48 we were back in the Eternal City. We visited St. Mary Major Church where the body of St. Jerome is buried. No one knows just where the body is, but they are sure it is in this church. St. Luke's painting of the Blessed Virgin is also there and was exposed and all lighted up, very probably because it was near the great feast of the Immaculate Conception. Here under the high altar is the crib of our Lord. Under the Blessed Sacrament altar there is ground brought from the Holy Land. Americans are glad to know that some of the first gold brought from the newly discovered America was used to decorate the ceiling of St. Mary Major. When the Blessed Virgin was honored with the new title "Regina Pacis," towards the close of the war, the event was commemorated by placing a beautiful white marble statue of this Queen of Peace in St. Mary Major Church. The Christ Child is on her arm. We next visited the Church of St. Praxedis and the precious relics there, the bodies of the early Virgin Saints, Praxedis and Pudentiana. Here we also saw the column of flagellation, the column at which Christ was so bloodily scourged; also three thorns from the thorny crown of Christ. They are very thin and sharp. The next visit was to the Immaculate Conception Church which is in charge of the Capuchins. These holy monks have contrived a novel way of immortalizing the mortal remains of their dead of long ago. They have gathered and classified skulls, ribs, hip bones, vertebrae, ulnuses, and tibias in a crypt of the church and made all kinds of fantastic designs with them: columns, arches, chandeliers, etc. This would be a paradise for chiropractors. As we went up the steps to leave the crypt a good monk was at the door to receive alms for this sanctuary. Father Bernard asked whether he should give him an offering. I told him "No." I did not care to further so spooky a use of dead men's bones. We got home in time for supper. There was good news at St. Anselmo's for us. The Brother Porter told us there was a letter from the Vatican. It contained the information that I should be received in private audience at noon, December 7. Father Abbot Primate smiled and said: "Good, you can take lunch with the Holy Father." The fact is, it made me a bit nervous to think that I should have the privilege of being all alone with the Vicar of Christ. It made me feel that I was getting onto holy ground. Another night and there comes the morning of Friday, December 7, the Vigil of Mary's big feast. Father Bernard accompanied me to the Vatican. We went early enough to obtain booking for Mass at the tomb of St. Peter on the following Sunday morning. After we entered the Vatican we passed through all the ranks of guards and mounted many steps. The guards stood at attention after clicking their heels and jerking their arms, hands, and heads into position. There were Swiss Guards, there were Papal Soldiers, Papal Gendarmes, and lastly the Royal or Palatine Guard. There were

also plain clothes men with keen eyes and calm, psychologically searching looks to pick out any miscreant that might try to enter the Vatican with evil intent. Father Bernard and I must look innocent and harmless, for they never halted us once. We went right up the seven flights of marble stairs with 36 steps each and also the fewer smaller flights. It was almost like going up to heaven with the becoming sweat of your brow. Finally we rested on fine red chairs, not far from the Holy Father's library room where he was receiving his visitors. While we were waiting turns a papal chamberlain came to chat with us. He spoke English without a falter. He was an Englishman taking his annual turn of one week as Papal Chamberlain. He told us that each morning an auto comes from the Vatican to the hotel where he stays to fetch him to the Vatican. I asked him whether we might have the audience letter from the Vatican back as a souvenir. We handed it in as our ticket of admission as we entered. He politely replied that they hardly ever give them back but he would ask. Soon he came back. "I caught them just at the right moment," he said, "here it is." At 12:20 I was asked to come in. The rubrics are these. As you get far enough into the room of the Holy Father to see him around the edge of the screen that stands between him and the doorway, you kneel down on your right knee, then rise and move forward a bit and kneel again on one knee; then rise again and go all the way to the Holy Father and kneel on both knees. One should then really stoop down and kiss his foot, but he usually extends his hand and has you to kiss his ring. After kissing the ring I sat down on the chair at the side of the table in obedience to the beck of the Holy Father. He spoke German to me excepting only a few words in English. I was too excited to see anything in the room except only the Holy Father. He spoke about the Benedictines and the liturgy and chant. He also mentioned the different Benedictine Abbeys in Rome, and told me that he had a Benedictine Abbey, a new one, that he himself had built in Rome. He said I ought to visit it. The name is St. Jerome's Abbey. I told him that I had already planned to see it during my visit to Rome.—Another Parenthesis: The foregoing part of this letter was written in Tortona, Italy, where Don Orione founded the Piccola Opera della Divina Providence. Now I am in Toulouse, France, waiting for this train on which I am to leave for Lourdes at 6:14 a. m. We should arrive there this Sunday morning (Gandote) at 9:40, when I hope to read Mass in the Lourdes Basilica. Tomorrow at 8:08 a. m. I shall leave Lourdes for Solesmes to arrive there at 20:48, which is just plain 8:48 p. m. I have been riding almost continually since yesterday morning when I left Tortona at 7:59 o'clock.—before visiting the Holy Father I made out a list of the special persons whom I desired him to bless. When I told him about this list, he said in English: "I bless each and every one according to your desire." Of course, this list included all of you at home, Abbey, Seminary, College, Alumni also and many others. Before leaving him I asked whether Father Bernard might come in to receive his blessing personally. He pushed an electric button and in response to the bell the chamberlain ushered in Father Bernard. While we knelt the Holy Father stood to bless us, then with three times genuflecting we departed. I do not know at what time the Holy Father took his noon lunch, but Father Bernard and I took ours in the "Ristorante" at about one or one thirty. Then, in obedience to the Holy Father we went to visit his Benedictine Abbey. He himself really had this Abbey of St. Jerome built and took personal interest in the drawing up of the plans. Both Abbey and Church are extremely simple but practical and modern. Here he has as his special workers the Benedictine Fathers of Clervaux in Luxembourg. For the present he has turned over to them the work of the "Biblical Commission," which commission no longer exists. The Holy Father himself appointed the present Abbot Quentin, who was formerly a member of the

Biblical Commission. You know that this work consists in discovering as nearly as possible the original St. Jerome Vulgate. Hence also the name of the Abbey, 'St. Jerome's Abbey.' We saw the room in which the ten Fathers carry on their work. They work together in this one big room each morning and each afternoon, a total of 3½ hours daily. In this room they have their many reference books and photographs of many bible editions. They showed us how they work. At ten o'clock each morning these Monks chant a Conventual High Mass. We heard them sing the first Vespers of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The Abbot was absent when we arrived, but before our departure he returned and we had the pleasure of meeting him. I was not so very eager to meet him because they told me he spoke neither English nor German. I speak neither Italian nor French, which meant that we should have to converse in Latin. In this romantic language I use the wooden-shoe dialect which is a little stiff. Nevertheless, we got along. Abbot Quentin was so delightful a person that I am now most happy we met him. We even stayed to enjoy a cup of tea. I told him that the Holy Father sent us to visit his Monastery. Then he jestingly said: "Ergo, es delegatus vel visitator apostolicus." We regretted to leave so friendly a man, yet wanted to get back to St. Anselmo's to recite and chant with their big Abbey choir the anticipated Matins for December 8. The next morning with all due solemnity Father Abbot Primate sang the Pontifical Mass. Father Gabriel Locher was Master of Ceremonies. The Schola under the guidance of Father Beatus of Einsiedeln is very good. The afternoon was used for visiting. What we saw will be told in a subsequent letter. This one is already pretty long. It should have gone off in time to convey to you a Merry Christmas. You just had to take this for granted. You know that I did not forget you. Very likely this letter will reach St. Meinrad about December 30 or 31. Then it will take some time till it is flexographed and forwarded to the Fratres sobrii sed absentes. At the latest the New Year will still be young and I want 1935 to be a good and happy year for all of you.

Yours most cordially,

✠ Ignatius, O. S. B.

Abbot

Books Received

Holiness and Happiness, by Rev. F. X. Lasance. A compilation of thoughts from many hearts to feed one's spirituality a few moments each day. Will be enjoyed alike by religious as well as laymen. Benziger Bros. S. M. C.

Realization, by Edwina Sedgbury. A gripping story of a mother's love and sacrifice and of Faith—a Catholic's true heritage. Students for the priesthood would enjoy this story. Benziger Bros. Net \$2.00. S. M. C.

From the Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo.:

Micky, by Thomas B. Chetwood, S. J.

How to Pray the Mass, by Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

A Novena to Mary Immaculate, by Daniel A. Lord, S. J. (Each ten cents)

Praying The Mass by Rev. John J. Butler and Angela A. Clendenin is the third of a series of study club textbooks. The book is a study of the prayers and ceremonies of the Mass. Topics for discussion, questions, and suggestions for papers follow each chapter. A chapter on the liturgy and on the use of the Missal is included in the book. This is an ideal textbook for

study clubs. The explanations are clear, simple, and complete, avoiding all unnecessary and involved details. The abundance of historical data and symbolical interpretation contained in the text should give a better understanding and a keener appreciation of the beauty and meaning of the holy Sacrifice. The work certainly deserves a wide acceptance. The Catholic Action Committee of Women, 424 N. Broadway, Wichita, Kansas. Price 25¢ R. H.

Sponsa Regis, A Monthly Review devoted to the Catholic Sisterhoods. Address correspondence to Sponsa Regis, St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., U. S. A. Annual subscription, \$1.00; Canada and foreign countries, \$1.25.

There are in the United States 123,304 Catholic Sisters. *Sponsa Regis* is the only monthly review exclusively devoted to their spiritual interests. Its solid and instructive contents are appreciated in many Convents, Schools, Hospitals, and Asylums. Special features of the current volume are: a very inspiring series of articles on the stigmatic Theresa Neumann of Konnersreuth in the light of mysticism, by the Reverend Editor, who personally visited the stigmatic, and highly enlightening papers on the fundamentals of ascetical and liturgical prayers. A year's subscription will make a most welcome gift to a relative or friend in the convent.

Medical Missions Vocations. Rev. Michael A. Mathis, C. S. C. Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

In this brochure Father Mathis sets forth the "almost unlimited opportunity for rendering medical relief in foreign mission lands," describes the course of training given future missionaries in the pioneer religious community for medical mission work, the "Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries," founded by Dr. Anna Dengel at Washington, D. C., in 1925, and gives the qualifications necessary for membership in this community.

The brochure, which will be found enlightening and inspiring by those young women looking forward to embracing the missionary vocation, may be had on request from the Catholic Medical Mission House, Brookland Station, Washington, D. C.

A Missionary Thinks Back

(Continued from page 340)

He has lived through the periods of changing policies on the part of the Government. He has experienced the delay and uncertainty of the Great Father's helping or guiding hand. The white man's disease, tuberculosis, has ravaged the Indian camp, and taken away ruthlessly hundreds of little sparkling, black-eyed boys and girls. Stoically the Indian waits,—simply waits, for what may or may not come.

All these things, and more, have happened in eighteen years. The Missionary has followed his flock and lived with them through it all. If the Indian would seek a friend who might understand and lend a bit of sympathy, then, too, would the Missionary do likewise. But more than ever, we find ourselves unwelcome visitors,

misunderstood, and even suspected by our own flesh and blood. As of old, the certain man who went down to Jericho, was passed up, so is the Missionary today, even by those who should know better. "Why don't you go East, Father, and tell them about your Missions?" Yes, why don't we? We need permission to preach in almost any Church in any diocese, and that permission simply cannot be obtained. And when we knock at a door we are regarded as unwelcome intruders, even as crooks. And when people present our letters to consult with those to whom they look for advice in such matters, they meet with an exclamation of surprise from the advisor, "Are you, too, on the sucker list?"

No, there is no other way. We must, and we will stay by our guns. We shall remain with our Red flock, come what may. And even if the romance of the thing has passed away, and even though our very brethren, through ignorance, we would say, fail to understand the true state of affairs out on the Missions, we shall continue to carry on, and strive to enlist the sympathy of those humble, gentle, devoted souls who still have an interest in God's work as it is carried on, out here beyond the confines of well established parishes. These souls have God's answer to Cain's insolent taunt: "Am I my brother's keeper?" These truly enlightened souls can penetrate into the heart of God, Who said, "Other sheep I have, them also must I bring;" "Amen, amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to the least of these My brethren, you did it to Me."

Our Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3998.22. Total: \$3998.22.

ST. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3648.40. P. M. B., Ill., \$2. Total: \$3650.40.

ST. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3594.96. K. A. R., Ala., \$5; Mr. & Mrs. J. P. Q., D. C., \$1; C. L. S., Mass., \$2. Total: \$3602.96.

ST. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3258.39. Total: \$3258.39.

Grail Building Fund

Indiana: A. S., \$1. Kentucky: N. N., \$8.35. Minnesota: Mrs. J. J. S., \$1.10. New Jersey: A. S., 30¢; Miss F. A., \$5; New York: Mrs. K. B., \$1; Mr. & Mrs. K., \$1.70.

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who have the vocation for a religious life and wish to dedicate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus for the *Salvation of Souls* will be received by the Carmelites of the Divine Heart of Jesus, Provincial House, 1214 Kavanaugh pl., Wauwatosa, Wis.

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